THE

MONTHLY EPITOME,

FOR APRIL, 1803.

XXXIII. *The Life and Writings of* WILLIAM COWPER, *esq. with an Introductory Letter to the Rt. Hon. Earl Cowper. By* WILLIAM HAYLEY, *esq.*

(*Continued from p.* 123.)

WE now proceed to the *second* part of this celebrated poet's biography, where many pleasing extracts offer themselves to our attention. It thus begins—

"A New æra opens in the history of the poet, from an incident that gave fresh ardour and vivacity to his fertile imagination. In September, 1781, he happened to form an acquaintance with a lady highly accomplished herself, and singularly happy in animating and directing the fancy of her poetical friend. The world will perfectly agree with me in this eulogy, when I add, that to this lady we are primarily indebted for the poem of the Task, for the ballad of John Gilpin, and for the Translation of Homer. But, in my lively sense of her merit, I am almost forgetting my immediate duty, as the biographer of the poet, to introduce her circumstantially to the acquaintance of my reader.

"A lady, whose name was Jones, was one of the few neighbours admitted in the residence of the retired poet. She was the wife of a clergyman who resided at the village of Clifton, within a mile of Olney. Her sister, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, came to pass some time with her in the autumn of 1781; and as the two ladies chanced to call at a shop in Olney, opposite to the house of Mrs. Unwin, Cowper observed them from his window.—Although naturally shy, and now rendered more so by his very long illness, he was so struck with the appearance of the stranger, that, on hearing she was sister to Mrs. Jones, he requested Mrs. Unwin to invite them to tea. So strong was his reluctance to admit the company of strangers, that after he had occasioned this invitation, he was for a long time unwilling to join the little party; but, having forced himself at last to engage in conversation with lady Austen, he was so reanimated by her uncommon colloquial talents, that he attended the ladies on their return to Clifton, and from that time continued to cultivate the regard of his new acquaintance, with such assiduous attention, that she soon received from him the familiar and endearing title of sister Ann.

"The great and happy influence which an incident, that seems at first sight so trivial, produced very rapidly on the imagination of Cowper, will best appear from the following epistle which, soon after lady Austen's return to London for the winter, the poet addressed to her, on the 17th of December, 1781.

"Dear Anna—Between friend and friend,
Prose answers every common end;

Serves, in a plain and homely way,
T'express th' occurrence of the day;
Our health, the weather, and the news,
What walks we take, what books we chuse;
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind.

But when a poet takes the pen,
Far more alive than other men,
He feels a gentle tingling come
Down to his finger and his thumb,
Deriv'd from nature's noblest part,
The centre of a glowing heart!
And this is what the world, who knows
No flights, above the pitch of prose,
His more sublime vagaries slighting,
Denominates an itch for writing.
No wonder I, who scribble rhyme,
To catch the triflers of the time,
And tell them truths divine and clear,
Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear;
Who labour hard to allure and draw
The loiterers I never saw—
Should feel that itching, and that tingling,
With all my purpose intermingling,
To your intrinsic merit true,
When call'd to address myself to you.

Mysterious are his ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour,
When minds, that never met before,
Shall meet, unite, and part no more:
It is th' allotment of the skies,
The hand of the Supremely Wise,
That guides and governs our affections,
And plans and orders our connexions;
Directs us in our distant road,
And marks the bounds of our abode.
Thus we were settled when you found us,
Peasants and children all around us,
Not dreaming of so dear a friend,
Deep in the abyss of Silver-End.*
Thus Martha, even against her will,
Perch'd on the top of yonder hill;
And you, though you must needs prefer
The fairer scenes of sweet Sancerre,†
Are come from distant Loire, to chuse
A cottage on the banks of Ouse.
This page of Providence, quite new,
And now just opening to our view,
Employs our present thoughts and pains
To guess and spell what it contains;
But day by day, and year by year,
Will make the dark ænigma clear;
And furnish us perhaps at last,
Like other scenes already past,
With proof, that we, and our affairs,
Are part of a Jehovah's cares:
For God unfolds, by slow degrees,
The purport of his deep decrees;
Sheds every hour a clearer light,
In aid of our defective sight;
And spreads at length, before the soul,
A beautiful and perfect whole,
Which busy man's inventive brain
Toils to anticipate in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known,
The beauties of a rose full blown,
Could you, though luminous your eye,
By looking on the bud, descry,
Or guess, with a prophetic power,
The future splendour of the flower?
Just so th' Omnipotent, who turns,
The system of a world's concerns,
From mere minutiæ can educe
Events of most important use,
And bid a dawning sky display
The blaze of a meridian day.
The works of man tend, one and all,
As needs they must, from great to small,
And vanity absorbs at length
The monuments of human strength.
But who can tell how vast the plan
Which this day's incident began?
Too small perhaps the slight occasion
For our dim-sighted observation;
It pass'd unnotic'd, as the bird
That cleaves the yielding air unheard,
And yet may prove, when understood,
An harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call,
Friendship a blessing cheap, or small;
But merely to remark, that our's,
Like some of nature's sweetest flowers,
Rose from a seed of tiny size,
That seem'd to promise no such prize:
A transient visit intervening,
And made almost without a meaning,
(Hardly the effect of inclination,
Much less of pleasing expectation!)
Produc'd a friendship, then begun,
That has cemented us in one;
And plac'd it in our power to prove,
By long fidelity and love,
That Solomon has wisely spoken;
'A three-fold cord is not soon broken.'

" In this interesting poem the author expresses a lively and devout presage of the superior productions that were to arise, in the process of time, from a friendship so unexpected and so pleasing; but he does not seem to have been aware, in the slightest degree, of the evident dangers that must naturally attend an intimacy so very close, yet perfectly innocent, between a poet and two ladies, who, with very different mental powers,

" * An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper, which faced the market-place.

" † Lady Austen's residence in France.

had each reason to flatter herself that she could agreeably promote the studies and animate the fancy of this fascinating bard." p. 121.

The writing of *John Gilpin* is thus mentioned.

"That admirable and highly popular piece of pleasantry was composed at the period of which I am now speaking. An elegant and judicious writer, who has recently favoured the public with three interesting volumes relating to the early poets of our country, conjectures, that a poem, written by the celebrated Sir Thomas More in his youth, (the merry jest of the serjeant and frere) may have suggested to Cowper his tale of John Gilpin; but that fascinating ballad had a different origin, and it is a very remarkable fact, that, full of gaiety and humour as this favourite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time when the spirit of the poet, as he informed me himself, was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, in those years when his accomplished friend, lady Austen, made a part of his little evening-circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection; it was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment; he informed her, the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.—So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin. It was eagerly copied, and, finding its way rapidly to the newspapers, it was seized by the lively spirit of Henderson, the comedian, a native of Newport-Pagnell, and a man, like the Yorrick described by Shakespeare, 'of infinite jest and most excellent fancy,'—it was seized by Henderson as a proper subject for the display of his own comic powers, and, by reciting it in his public Readings, he gave uncommon celebrity to the ballad, before the public suspected to what poet they were indebted for the sudden burst of ludicrous amusement. Many readers were astonished when the poem made its first authentic appearance in the second volume of Cowper. In some letters of the poet to Mr. Hill, which did not reach me till my work was nearly finished, I find an account of John Gilpin's first introduction to the world, and a circumstance relating to the first volume of Cowper's poems, which may render the following selection from this correspondence peculiarly interesting.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"*Feb.* 13 *and* 20, 1783.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"In writing to you I never want a subject, self is always at hand, and self, with its concerns, is always interesting to a friend.

"You may think perhaps that, having commenced poet by profession, I am always writing verses. Not so—I have written nothing, at least finished nothing, since I published—except a certain facetious history of John Gilpin, which Mr. Unwin would send to the Public Advertiser, perhaps you might read it without suspecting the author.

"My book procures me favours which my modesty will not permit me to specify, except one, which, modest as I am, I cannot suppress, a very handsome letter from Dr. Franklin, at Passy.—These fruits it has brought me.

"I have been refreshing myself with a walk in the garden, where I find that January (who, according to Chaucer, was the husband of May) being dead, February has married the widow.

"Your's, &c.

"W. C.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq,

"*Olney, Feb.* 20, 1783.

"Suspecting that I should not have hinted at Dr. Franklin's encomium under any other influence than that of vanity, I was several times on the point of burning my letter for that very reason. But not having

time to write another by the same post, and believing that you would have the grace to pardon a little self-complacency in an author on so trying an occasion, I let it pass. One sin naturally leads to another, and a greater, and thus it happens now; for I have no way to gratify your curiosity, but by transcribing the letter in question. It is addressed, by the way, not to me, but to an acquaintance of mine, who had transmitted the volume to him without my knowledge.

'*Passy, May*, 8, 1782.

'SIR,

'I received the letter you 'did me the honour of writing to me, 'and am much obliged by your kind 'present of a book. The relish for 'reading of poetry had long since left 'me, but there is something so new 'in the manner, so easy, and yet so 'correct, in the language, so clear 'in the expression, yet concise, and 'so just in the sentiments, that I have 'read the whole with great pleasure, 'and some of the pieces more than 'once. I beg you to accept my 'thankful acknowledgements, and to 'present my respects to the author.

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'B. FRANKLIN.'

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Great revolutions happen in this ant's-nest of our's. One emmet of illustrious character and great abilities pushes out another, parties are formed, they range themselves in formidable opposition, they threaten each other's ruin, they cross over and are mingled together, and, like the coruscations of the Northern Aurora, amuse the spectator, at the same time that by some they are supposed to be forerunners of a general dissolution.

"There are political earthquakes as well as natural ones, the former less shocking to the eye, but not always less fatal in their influence than the latter. The image which Nebuchadnezzar saw, in his dream, was made up of heterogeneous and incompatible materials, and accordingly broken. Whatever is so formed must expect a like catastrophe.

"I have an etching of the late chancellor, hanging over the parlour chimney. I often contemplate it, and call to mind the day when I was intimate with the original. It is very like him, but he is disguised by his hat, which, though fashionable, is awkward, by his great wig, the tie of which is hardly discernible in profile, and by his band and gown, which give him an appearance clumsily sacerdotal. Our friendship is dead and buried, your's is the only surviving one of all with which I was once honoured. Adieu." p. 132.

This latter letter is added because it breathes that tender melancholy by which the mind of Cowper was distinguished. The next extract relates to the composition and publication of his great work, the *Task*.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"*Oct.* 20, 1783.

"I should not have been thus long silent, had I known with certainty where a letter of mine might find you. Your summer excursions, however, are now at an end, and, addressing a line to you in the centre of the busy scene in which you spend your winter, I am pretty sure of my mark.

"I see the winter approaching without much concern, though a passionate lover of fine weather and the pleasant scenes of summer; but the long evenings have their comforts too, and there is hardly to be found upon the earth, I suppose, so snug a creature as an Englishman by his fire-side in the winter. I mean however an Englishman that lives in the country, for in London it is not very easy to avoid intrusion. I have two ladies to read to, sometimes more, but never less—at present, we are circumnavigating the globe, and I find the old story, with which I amused myself some years since, through the great felicity of a memory not very retentive, almost new. I am however sadly at a loss for Cook's Voyage, can you send it? I shall be glad of Foster's too. These together

will make the winter pass merrily, and you will much oblige me.

"The last letter contains a slight sketch of those happy winter evenings which the poet has painted so exquisitely in verse. The two ladies whom he mentions, as his constant auditors, were Mrs. Unwin and lady Austen. The publick, already indebted to the friendly and cheerful spirit of the latter for the pleasant ballad of John Gilpin, had soon to thank her inspiring benevolence for a work of superior dignity, the very master-piece of Cowper's unbounded imagination!

"This lady happened, as an admirer of Milton, to be partial to blank verse, and often solicited her poetical friend to try his powers in that species of composition. After repeated solicitation, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, to comply with her request.—'O,' she replied, 'you can never be in want of 'a subject;—you can write upon 'any;—write upon this Sofa!' The poet obeyed her command, and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation arose a poem of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and its excellence! A poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject, and every style, without any discordance or disorder; and to have flowed, without effort, from inspired philanthropy, eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers whatever may lead them most happily to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of heaven.

"The Task appears to have been composed in the winter of 1784, a circumstance the more remarkable, as winter was, in general, particularly unfavourable to the health of the poet. In the commencement of the poem he marks both the season and the year, in the tender address to his companion—

"Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine.

"If such can be the proper date of this most interesting poem, it must have been written with inconceivable rapidity, for it was certainly finished very early in November. This appears from the following passage in a letter of the poet's to his friend Mr. Bull, in which he not only mentions the completion of his great work, but gives a particular account of his next production.

"The Task, as you know, is gone to the press: since it went, I have been employed in writing another poem, which I am now transcribing, and which, in a short time, I design shall follow. It is entitled, Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools; the business and purport of it are to censure the want of discipline, and the scandalous inattention to morals, that obtain in them; especially in the largest; and to recommend private tuition, as a mode of education preferable on all accounts; to call upon fathers to become tutors of their own sons, where that is practicable; to take home to them a domestic tutor, where it is not; and, if neither can be done, to place them under the care of such a man as he to whom I am writing, some rural parson whose attention is limited to a few.

"The date of this letter, (Nov. 8, 1784) and the information it contains, induce me to imagine that the Task was really begun before the winter of 1784, and that the passage which I have cited, as marking the æra of its composition, was added in the course of a revisal.

"The following passages from Cowper's letters to his last mentioned correspondent confirm this conjecture.

"August 3, 1783.—Your sea-side situation, your beautiful prospects, your fine rides, and the sight of the palaces which you have seen, we have not envied you, but are glad that you have enjoyed them. Why should we envy any man? Is not our greenhouse a cabinet of perfumes? It is at this moment fronted with carnations and balsams, with mignonette and roses, with jessamine and woodbine, and wants nothing but your pipe to make it truly Arabian;—a wilderness of sweets! The Sofa is ended but not finished, a paradox, which your natural acumen, sharpened by habits of logical attention, will enable you to reconcile in a moment. Do not imagine, however, that I lounge over

it—on the contrary, I find it severe exercise to mould and fashion it to my mind!"

"Feb. 22, 1784. I congratulate you on the thaw—I suppose it is an universal blessing, and probably felt all over Europe; I myself am the better for it, who wanted nothing that might make the frost supportable; what reason therefore have they to rejoice, who, being in want of all things, were exposed to its utmost rigour?—The ice in my ink, however, is not yet dissolved—It was long before the frost seized it, but at last it prevailed—The Sofa has consequently received little or no addition since—It consists at present of four books, and part of a fifth; when the sixth is finished, the work is accomplished; but, if I may judge by my present inability, that period is at a considerable distance."

"The year 1784 was a memorable period in the life of the poet, not only as it witnessed the completion of one extensive work and the commencement of another, (his translation of Homer) but as it terminated his intercourse with that highly pleasing and valuable friend whose alacrity of attention and advice had induced him to engage in both.

"Delightful and advantageous as his friendship with lady Austen had proved, he now began to feel that it grew impossible to preserve that triple cord, which his own pure heart had led him to suppose, not speedily to be broken. Mrs. Unwin, though by no means destitute of mental accomplishments, was eclipsed by the brilliancy of the poet's new friend, and naturally became uneasy under the apprehension of being so; for, to a woman of sensibility, what evil can be more afflicting than the fear of losing all mental influence over a man of genius and virtue, whom she has been long accustomed to inspirit and to guide?

"Cowper perceived the painful necessity of sacrificing a great portion of his present gratifications. He felt, that he must relinquish that antient friend whom he regarded as a venerable parent, or the new associate, whom he idolized as a sister of a heart and mind peculiarly congenial to his own. His gratitude for past services of unexampled magnitude and weight, would not allow him to hesitate, and, with a resolution and delicacy that do the highest honour to his feelings, he wrote a farewell letter to lady Austen, explaining and lamenting the circumstances that forced him to renounce the society of a friend, whose enchanting talents and kindness had proved so agreeably instrumental to the revival of his spirits and to the exercise of his fancy.

"The letters, addressed to Mr. Hill at this period, express, in a most pleasing manner, the sensibility of Cowper.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"*Sep.* 11, 1784.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have never seen Dr. Cotton's book, concerning which your sisters question me, nor did I know, till you mentioned it, that he had written any thing newer than his Visions; I have no doubt that it is so far worthy of him, as to be pious and sensible, and, I believe, no man living is better qualified to write on such subjects as his title seems to announce. Some years have passed since I heard from him, and, considering his great age, it is probable that I shall hear from him no more, but I shall always respect him. He is truly a philosopher, according to my judgment of the character, every tittle of his knowledge, in natural subjects, being connected, in his mind, with the firm belief of an omnipotent Agent.

"Your's, &c.

"W. C.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"To condole with you on the death of a mother, aged 87, would be absurd; rather therefore, as is reasonable, I congratulate you on the almost singular felicity of having enjoyed the company of so amiable and so near a relation so long. Your lot and mine, in this respect, have been very different, as indeed in almost every other. Your mother lived to see you rise, at least to see you comfortably established, in the

world. Mine, dying when I was six years old, did not live to see me sink in it. You may remember with pleasure, while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long, and I, while I live, must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for shewing it was so short. But the ways of God are equal—and when I reflect on the pangs she would have suffered, had she been a witness of all mine, I see more cause to rejoice than to mourn that she was hidden in the grave so soon.

"We have, as you say, lost a lively and sensible neighbour in lady Austen, but we have been long accustomed to a state of retirement, within one degree of solitude, and, being naturally lovers of still life, can relapse into our former duality without being unhappy at the change. To me indeed a third is not necessary while I can have the companion I have had these twenty years.

"I am gone to the press again; a volume of mine will greet your hands some time either in the course of the winter or early in the spring. You will find it perhaps on the whole more entertaining than the former, as it treats a greater variety of subjects, and those, at least the most, of a sublunary kind. It will consist of a poem in six books, called the Task, to which will be added another that I finished yesterday, called, I believe, Tirocinium, on the subject of Education.

"You perceive that I have taken your advice, and given the pen no rest.

"To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

"*June* 25, 1785.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I write in a nook that I call my *boudoir*. It is a summer-house, not much bigger than a sedan-chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking room, and under my feet is a trap-door, which once covered a hole in the ground where he kept his bottles. At present however it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Having lined it with garden-mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise and a refuge from all intrusion, for intruders sometimes trouble me in the winter evenings at Olney. But, thanks to my *boudoir*, I can now hide myself from them, a poet's retreat is sacred; they acknowledge the truth of that proposition, and never presume to violate it.

"The last sentence puts me in mind to tell you, that I have ordered my volume to your door. My bookseller is the most dilatory of all his fraternity, or you would have received it long since; it is more than a month since I returned him the last proof, and consequently since the printing was finished. I sent him the manuscript at the beginning of last November, that he might publish while the town is full, and he will hit the exact moment when it is entirely empty. Patience, you will perceive, is in no situation exempted from the severest trials; a remark that may serve to comfort you under the numberless trials of your own. W. C."

p. 143.

His *Task* was published in the summer of 1785, which not only raised him to the summit of poetical reputation, but obtained for him another female friend, a near relation and a widow, lady Hesketh; the renewal of the acquaintance is explained in the following letter.

"To LADY HESKETH, *New Norfolk-Street, Grosvenor Square.*

"Oct. 12, 1785.

"MR DEAR COUSIN,

"It is no new thing with you to give pleasure, but I will venture to say that you do not often give more than you gave me this morning. When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when, opening that frank, I found

that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself, this is just as it should be; we are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more, are actually returned. You perceive therefore that you judged well, when you conjectured that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise than, as in fact it proved, a most agreeable surprise, for I can truly boast of an affection for you, that neither years nor interrupted intercourse have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive which, at the most, has only been dormant for want of employment. But I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times too when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, which afforded us, as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be forgot. I have walked with you to Nettley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years, should I say within this twelvemonth I should not transgress the truth. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleasantest of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind so deeply as to fear no erasure. Neither do I forget my poor friend, Sir Thomas; I should remember him indeed, at any rate, on account of his personal kindnesses to myself, but the last testimony that he gave of his regard for you, endears him to me still more. With his uncommon understanding, (for, with many peculiarities, he had more sense than any of his acquaintance) and with his generous sensibilities, it was hardly possible that he should not distinguish you as he has done; as it was the last, so it was the best proof that he could give of a judgment that never deceived him, when he would allow himself leisure to consult it.

"You say that you have often heard of me; that puzzles me; I cannot imagine from what quarter, but it is no matter. I must tell you however, my cousin, that your information has been a little defective; that I am happy in my situation is true, I live, and have lived these twenty years, with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care of me during the far greater part of that time, it is, under Providence, owing that I live at all. But I do not account myself happy in having been for thirteen of those years in a state of mind that has made all that care and attention necessary; an attention, and a care, that have injured her health, and which, had she not been uncommonly supported, must have brought her to the grave. But I will pass to another subject, it would be cruel to particularize only to give pain, neither would I by any means give a sable hue to the first letter of a correspondence so unexpectedly renewed.

"I am delighted with what you tell me of my uncle's good health; to enjoy any measure of cheerfulness at so late a day is much, but to have that late day enlivened with the vivacity of youth, is much more, and, in these postdiluvian times, a rarity indeed. Happy, for the most part, are parents who have daughters. Daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son has generally survived even before his boyish years are expired. I rejoice particularly in my uncle's felicity, who has three female descendents from his little person, who leave him nothing to wish for upon that head.

"My dear cousin, dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many; but composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write, for I must have bodily exercise, and therefore never pass a day without it.

"You ask me where I have been

this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winters also; I have seldom left it, and, except when I attended my brother in his last illness, never, I believe, a fortnight together.

"Adieu, my beloved cousin, I shall not always be thus nimble in reply, but shall always have great pleasure in answering you when I can.

"Your's, my friend and cousin,

"Wm. COWPER.

Another letter to this lady pleasantly describes his situation at Olney.

"To Lady HESKETH.

"*Olney, April*, 17, 1786.

"If you will not quote Solomon, my dearest cousin, I will. He says, and as beautifully as truly—'Hope deferred maketh the heart 'sick, but when the desire cometh, 'it is a tree of life!' I feel how much reason he had on his side when he made this observation, and am myself sick of your fortnight's delay.

* * * *

"The vicarage was built by lord Dartmouth, and was not finished till some time after we arrived at Olney, consequently it is new. It is a smart stone building, well sashed, by much too good for the living, but just what I would wish for you. It has, as you justly concluded from my premises, a garden, but rather calculated for use than ornament. It is square, and well walled, but has neither arbour nor alcove, nor other shade, except the shadow of the house. But we have two gardens, which are your's. Between your mansion and our's is interposed nothing but an orchard, into which a door, opening out of our garden, affords us the easiest communication imaginable, will save the round-about by the town, and make both houses one. Your chamber windows look over the river, and over the meadows, to a village called Emberton, and command the whole length of a long bridge, described by a certain poet, together with a view of the road at a distance. Should you wish for books at Olney, you must bring them with you, or you will wish in vain, for I have none but the works of a certain poet, Cowper, of whom perhaps you have heard, and they are as yet but two volumes. They may multiply hereafter, but at present they are no more.

"You are the first person for whom I have heard Mrs. Unwin express such feelings as she does for you. She is not profuse in professions, nor forward to enter into treaties of friendship with new faces, but, when her friendship is once engaged, it may be confided in even unto death. She loves you already, and how much more will she love you before this time twelvemonth! I have indeed endeavoured to describe you to her, but, perfectly as I have you by heart, I am sensible that my picture cannot do you justice, I never saw one that did. Be you what you may, you are much beloved, and will be so at Olney, and Mrs. U. expects you with the pleasure that one feels at the return of a long absent, dear relation; that is to say, with a pleasure such as mine. She sends you her warmest affections.

"On Friday I received a letter from dear Anonymous, apprizing me of a parcel that the coach would bring me on Saturday. Who is there in the world that has, or thinks he has, reason to love me to the degree that he does? But it is no matter, he chooses to be unknown, and his choice is, and ever shall be, so sacred to me, that if his name lay on the table before me reversed, I would not turn the paper about that I might read it. Much as it would gratify me to thank him, I would turn my eyes away from the forbidden discovery. I long to assure him, that those same eyes, concerning which he expresses such kind apprehensions lest they should suffer by this laborious undertaking, are as well as I could expect them to be, if I were never to touch either book or pen. Subject to weakness, and occasional slight inflammations, it is probable that they will always be, but I cannot remember the time when they enjoyed any thing so like an exemption from those infirmities as at present. One would almost suppose, that reading Homer were the best opthalmic in the world. I should be happy to

remove his solicitude on the subject, but it is a pleasure that he will not let me enjoy. Well then, I will be content without it; and so content, that, though I believe you, my dear, to be in full possession of all this mystery, you shall never know me, while you live, either directly, or by hints of any sort, attempt to extort, or to steal, the secret from you: I should think myself as justly punishable as the Bethshemites, for looking into the ark which they were not allowed to touch.

"I have not sent for Kerr, for Kerr can do nothing but send me to Bath, and to Bath I cannot go for a thousand reasons. The summer will set me up again; I grow fat every day, and shall be as big as Gog or Magog, or both put together, before you come.

"I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor; that is to say, I slept three years in his house, but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton-Row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future lord chancellor, constantly employed, from morning to night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. Oh fie, Cousin! how could you do so! I am pleased with lord Thurlow's inquiries about me; if he takes it into that inimitable head of his, he may make a man of me yet. I could love him heartily if he would but deserve it at my hands; that I did so once is certain. The duchess of—who in the world set her a going? But if all the duchesses in the world were spinning like so many whirligigs for my benefit, I would not stop them. It is a noble thing to be a poet, it makes all the world so lively. I might have preached more sermons than even Tillotson did, and better, and the world would have been still fast asleep, but a volume of verse is a fiddle that puts the universe in motion.

"W. C." p. 178.

(To be continued.)

XXXIV. A ROUGH SKETCH OF MODERN PARIS; *or, Letters on Society, Manners, Public Curiosities and Amusements, in that Capital. Written during the last two months of* 1801 *and the first five of* 1802. 8vo. 300 *pages. Johnson.*

THE desire of seeing *Paris* is now so general, that numerous extracts from this work will require no apology. The *Fete* given on the preliminaries of peace is thus detailed.

"The morning passed away without the faintest hopes of better weather, and in mutual condolence on the loss of the *beau spectacle* which had been promised for this day. The rejoicings were to begin at four o'clock. About three the weather suddenly changed, the clouds dispersed, the sky became serene. It happened that this took place precisely at the moment when the first consul appeared at the window of the palace, and every body agreed that the favourable change was solely produced *par la bonne fortune de Bonaparte.**

"Indeed, it is not without some reason that this prejudice is entertained by the public, and that Bonaparte has, on more occasions than one, appealed to his good fortune. Great and transcendent as are the merits of that extraordinary man, they are not more remarkable than the singular concatenation of fortunate circumstances which have uniformly attended his progress through life. Possessed of the former, unaccompanied by the latter, he would have probably become a distinguished character, but he never could have reached that summit of grandeur where he is at present so securely seated.

"I return to my subject. The signal for the commencement of the *fete* was the departure of a balloon, in which monsieur and madame Garnerin ascended, at half past four o'clock, through a clear sky, which no longer bore any marks of the tempestuous weather of the morning. After the balloon had attained a certain height, a parachute was sent down, and the live animal which it contained reached the ground in safety. I was fortunate enough to dine this day with a family‡ who reside in

"* By the good fortune of Bonaparte.

"‡ At the house of the respectable

what was first called 'la Garde-meuble,' then, 'la place de Louis XV.' for some time the seat of so many legal murders, under the appellation of 'de la Revolution,' and now styled, in honour of the present government, '*de la Concorde.*' As the principal rejoicings were to take place in this spot, I could not have been better situate. We dined in a back room, and during the short time which we passed at table (for a French dinner seldom exceeds an hour) the lamps had been lighted. Never shall I forget the splendid sight, which appeared to have been almost produced by magic, and which burst on us in returning to the saloon, *(or drawing-room)* the windows of which command an extensive view of the *Place de la Concorde*, of the bridge of Louis XVI, of the palace or hospital of *les Invalides*, of the Thuilleries, of the palace of the *Corps Legislatif*, formerly called '*de Bourbon*,' of the river, and of several buildings in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. All these striking objects were now one blaze of light. My eyes were so dazzled with the scene which presented itself, that it was some time before I could take a distinct view of each particular beauty. The public edifices I have named, all of which are of the finest architecture, covered with innumerable lamps, arranged with the greatest taste, and which, being of different heights, seemed to rise the one above the other; and the majestic domes, splendidly illuminated, and extending the blaze of light as far as the eye could reach, formed altogether a *coup d'œil* which may be conceived, but which cannot be described. I had scarcely recovered from the surprise and admiration, which this sight produced, when the pantomime, intended to represent the horrors of war and the happiness of peace, began under the colonade, where it was my good fortune to be seated.

"I must confess, that this farce appeared to me ridiculous, and equally unworthy the great nation which gave the *fete*, and the important event which it was intended to celebrate. Sham combats, falling towers, wounded heroes, devils with torches, allegorical emblems of discord, &c. followed by cornucopias, dancing peasants, cars of triumph, and lastly, by an illuminated temple of peace, which rose on the ruins of that of war, formed the principal entertainment. I think you will agree with me, that such a *spectacle* was better calculated for the stage of Sadler's-Wells in London, or the *Ambigu-comique* at Paris, than for the principal object of a great and national festival. Simple and plain as is this reflection, it did not seem to strike any of the French spectators, and the wisest of them looked on without disgust, and almost with admiration, on that which, instead of commemorating the most important event which Europe has seen for many years, appeared to the eye of reason only suited to entertain the dotage of age or the simplicity of infancy.

"If the pantomime were not very deserving of praise, it forms a single exception; and I can assure you, with very great truth, that every other part of the *fete* was truly magnificent. As no carriage was allowed to roll that evening, (a laudable precaution, taken on all such occasions at Paris) and as the fireworks were to take place on the river, at some distance from the house where I dined, it was necessary to pass on foot through the vast crowd which filled *la place de la Concorde*, the walks of the Thuilleries, the bridges, the streets, &c. Yet such was the order that was preserved, and such the tranquillity of the people, that, accompanied by my wife and one gentleman, I made my way, I suppose, through nearly a million of people, without the least accident,

M. de la T—, whose niece is the lady of the celebrated P—t, some time president of the convention, and afterwards banished, with many other worthy men, at the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor. M. P—t is a distinguished writer, and, as a politician, was much esteemed for the moderation of his principles and the integrity of his conduct. Madame P—t is a woman of very superior talents and great acquirements. She is likewise justly admired for the humanity which has induced her to devote her hours to that excellent institution, *la Societè Maternelle*, of which she is the president. The object of this society is, to afford deserted orphans that comfort of which they have been deprived by the death or the fault of their parents.

and with certainly not more crowding than is daily experienced at a private fashionable ball in London. What astonished me most, indeed, the whole day, was, the dead calm which prevailed among the spectators. They looked on, walked about, and seemed entertained with the shows which were exhibited; yet no cries of triumph, no shouts of joy, expressed the public satisfaction. The apathy which reigns in this country on all public events, and which has succeeded to the fever of popular violence, is strikingly apparent on all occasions, but on none more than this.

"During my walk I passed through the garden of the Thuilleries. The alleys were brilliantly decorated with rows of lamps, suspended on frames constructed for the purpose; and the palace was, if possible, still more resplendent. The whole had the appearance of an enchanted castle. From a house on the *quai Voltaire*, I saw the fireworks to great advantage, and they appeared to me, accustomed only to such as are exhibited in England, extremely beautiful. What pleased me most in the display was, a contrivance, by which the fire seemed to rise from the water; an ingenious and elegant idea, by which the inventor probably meant to represent allegorically, by the union of opposing elements, the reconciliation of two nations, always the rivals, and so long the enemies of each other. There was a temple of commerce on the river, and little boats with pendants of different nations. All this I consider as forming a second act to the pantomime exhibited on the *Place de la Concorde*, and which I have already ventured to condemn. Both appeared, to an English eye, insignificant, if not ridiculous.

"The fireworks appeared to me as perfect as possible; but there was some discontent expressed by the persons near me, that what is called a *bouquet*, with which they were to have concluded, was not displayed. This disappointment was attributed, by some, to a want of skill in the manager, and, by others, to an order of government, arising from a fear of danger to the adjoining buildings.

"I cannot pretend to determine this *important* question, but I must be permitted to say, that if the Parisians were not satisfied with this day's amusement, they must be very unreasonable indeed in their pursuit of *spectacles*.

"I returned home about eleven at night, much delighted with what I had seen; and, though Mrs.— and myself were again obliged to pass through this mighty crowd, we neither of us experienced the slightest hurt or the least incivility.

"I was in hopes to have been able to add, that the day passed over without the most trifling accident; but I have, unfortunately, just received the melancholy news, that Mr.—, an English gentleman, fell from a scaffolding, where he had placed himself to see the fireworks, and is so dreadfully wounded, as to render the hopes of his recovery highly improbable.

"I understand, that the accident took place very near the Thuilleries, and that the first consul, with laudable humanity, sent every proper assistance to our unfortunate countryman, who is now attended by the physician and surgeon particularly attached to the family of Bonaparte. Most ardently do I hope, that their skill and care may be attended with success; but, I am told, this is more than they expect themselves.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I am sorry to send you so imperfect an account of one of the finest sights perhaps ever exhibited in Europe; but I do not excel in description at any time, and what I have attempted on this occasion would baffle the ablest pen." p. 52.

We also give letter the 8th, as being peculiarly interesting.

"LETTER VIII.

"*Bonaparte—The monthly review or parade in the court of the Thuilleries.*

"*Paris, Dec.* 6. 1801. (15 *Frimaire.*)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My curiosity is at last gratified, I have seen Bonaparte. You will readily conceive how much pleasure I felt to day in beholding, for the first time, this extraordinary man, on whose single exertions the fate of France and, in many respects, that of Europe, has for some time depended.

" I was fortunate enough to obtain places in one of the apartments of *Duroc*, the governor of the palace, from the windows of which I saw the review to the greatest advantage. It is impossible to describe the impatience with which we awaited the appearance of Bonaparte. Mrs.— well observed, that her eyes ached with looking.

" As soon as the court of the Thuilleries (that is to say the ground, which is inclosed with iron railings, near the Carousel,) was filled with different regiments, who arranged themselves with wonderful skill and without the least confusion, notwithstanding the limited space allotted them, the generals descended from their horses, went up stairs into the palace, and, after some little delay, conducted Bonaparte to the door. He instantly sprang on his white charger, (which waited for him at the gate) and commenced the review. As he passed several times before the window where I sat, I had ample time to examine his countenance, his figure, his dress, and his manner. His complexion is uncommonly sallow, his countenance expressive but stern, his figure little but well made, and his whole person, like the mind which it contains, singular and remarkable. If I were compelled to compare him to any one, I should name Kemble, the actor. Though Bonaparte is much less in size, and less handsome than that respectable performer, yet, in the construction of the features and in the general expression, there is a strong resemblance. There is however such originality about the appearance of the first consul, that, without having seen him, it is difficult to form an idea of his person. The picture of Bonaparte at the review, exhibited some time back in Piccadilly, and the bust in *Sevre china*, which is very common at Paris, and which has probably become equally so in London, are the best likenesses I have seen. As to his dress, he wore the grand *costume* of his office, that is to say, a scarlet velvet coat, richly embroidered with gold; to this he had added leather breeches, jockey boots, and a little plain cocked hat, the only ornament of which was a national cockade. His hair, unpowdered, was cu close in his neck.

" After riding through the ranks, and receiving the salutes of the officers, he passed by every regiment, the colours of which were lowered as he went on. He then placed himself in the middle of the parade, and, his generals and aides-de-camp having formed a group around him, he distributed swords and firelocks of honour to such officers and soldiers as in different campaigns had deserved them. Berthier, the companion of his victories, and now minister of war, presented, one by one, these articles to Bonaparte, who, having read the inscription which was engraved on each, recording the action by which it was deserved, delivered with his own hands the respective badges of honour. After this ceremony was over, the different regiments passed by the first consul, and the captain of each company or troop saluted him in passing. The cavalry went in full gallop, and, as they approached him, stopped with wonderful neatness. Thus concluded the review. He then rode with his officers to the palace gate, dismounted, and retired to his apartments, followed by the generals and a strong detachment of men.

" The *spectacle* was altogether extremely brilliant. The windows of the palace, of the gallery of the Louvre, and of all the adjoining houses, were filled with ladies elegantly dressed, and the iron gates, which separate the court from the palace, were surrounded by the people. I shall say nothing of the discipline of the troops, not being a military man, and consequently little conversant with such matters. I shall only speak of what struck the eye. The consular guards are the handsomest men I ever saw, scarcely any are less than six feet high, and, if we may believe the report of persons connected with the government, every individual in the corps owes his situation to long service or some distinguished act of valour. Their uniform is a long coat of fine blue cloth, faced with white and edged with red, with a yellow button, on which is written '*garde des consuls.*' They wear white waistcoats and breeches, and a fur cap with a gilt plate, on which appears the same inscription as that on the buttons. '*La garde consulaire a cheval,*' or consular horse-guard, wears the same

uniform as the foot of that service. The dragoons are dressed in green, with a casque, from which is suspended a large braid of hair.

"Several regiments of the line, which formed part of the review, have been highly distinguished during the war, particularly the celebrated *demi-brigade*, which, at Marengo, is said to have saved the life of Bonaparte, when, in the ardour of battle, he had exposed himself to almost certain destruction. These regiments were ill dressed, the men were little, and their whole appearance was, when compared with the consular guard, far from favourable. The *guides*, commanded by the young Beauharnois, (madame Bonaparte's son) were very elegantly dressed in scarlet hussar uniforms, and mounted on light bay horses, splendidly caparisoned. Generally speaking, the horses of the cavalry were very indifferent, excepting one fine regiment of blacks, which was commanded by Louis Bonaparte, the third brother of the consul.

"As soon as Bonaparte left the ground the different regiments began to file off by different gates, in the same good order in which they had arrived, and, though nearly ten thousand men had been on the parade, in less than a quarter of an hour not an individual remained.

"The generals wear blue uniforms, richly embroidered, with tri-coloured sashes. The aides-de-camp are very handsome young men, dressed in blue jackets, long pantaloons, and hussar cloaks, the whole almost covered with gold. I remarked amongst them Lauriston, who took the preliminary ratification to London, and young le Brun, son of the third consul, who, at the battle of Marengo, behaved with uncommon valour, and received in his arms the gallant and unfortunate Dessaix.§ I make no apology for the length of this letter, for, knowing that you wished to have a particular account of the consular reviews, I have been purposely as minute as possible. These reviews regularly take place on the 15th of every month, according to the republican calendar.

"Adieu." p. 86.

"§ General Dessaix, by whose valour the battle of Marengo, in which he fell, was principally gained.

Letter 28 presents a delineation of the *gardens and walks of Paris*.

"LETTER XXVIII.

"*The gardens and walks of Paris.*

"*Paris, May* 2, 1802. (12 *Floreal.*)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Whenever you come to Paris, come with the smiling month of May. On my arrival here, at the end of October, I was disgusted with the dirt of the streets, the mire of the Thuilleries, the ruts of the Boulevards, and the general gloom of the town. Accustomed to take a great deal of exercise, I could not persuade myself to be shut up the whole of every day, either in a hot room or a close carriage. I therefore continued to walk about; but, while my feet were cut to pieces at every step, I was frequently in danger of being run over by a rapid cabriolet, or squeezed to atoms under the ponderous wheels of an overloaded cart. Nor was I consoled for this hazardous undertaking by meeting with any conversable persons of my acquaintance.

"The Parisians who have carriages never think of walking during the severe days of winter; and those who do not possess that convenience spend the greater part of every day at home. To save the expense of a *fiacre*,§ they will indeed sometimes use their feet in going to a *restaurateur's*, a *spectacle*, or a ball, or in paying some of those innumerable visits in which an inhabitant of this town passes half his life; but as to taking exercise for health, it never enters into the calculations of a Frenchman. Nothing therefore could be so dismal as the streets in the months of November, December and January, and a severer punishment could not be devised for the daily murder of time committed by our Bond-street loungers, than to condemn them to a three-month's pilgrimage, at that period of the year, round the streets of Paris.

"The spring has, with fine weather, changed the face of every thing here, and a person fond of exercise may now have all the advantages which he can possibly desire.

"§ Hackney-coach.

"The *Thuilleries* and *Champs Elisées*, which in winter are almost impassable, now offer excellent gravel walks and delightful shade under the long avenues of lofty trees. Here crowds are collected at almost every hour of the day; and, besides long lines of pedestrians, rows of chairs are filled with ladies eating ice and politicians reading newspapers.

"The Bois de Boulogne affords an admirable ride for persons in carriages or on horseback, and a lengthened walk for those on foot.

"Besides these, there are several delightful gardens open to the public in different parts of the town. The Boulevards, which surround Paris on every side, are now seen to great advantage.

"The walks are in high order, the trees are in rich foliage, and the number of mountebanks, print-sellers, quack-doctors, and shows of all kinds, collected here, and the crowds of persons and carriages which are constantly passing, make them present a very curious and lively scene.

"The '*Hameau de Chantilly*,' or '*Elisées de Bourbon*,' very near the Champs Elisées, has a very pretty, though not an extensive garden, into which, for a few *sols*, you gain admittance. It was hence I saw madame Garnerin ascend, about a month ago, in a balloon, unaccompanied by any one. The day was fine, and we were all much delighted with the courage of the fair heroine, who was the first female that had ventured alone on such an expedition.

"She descended a few leagues from Paris, and supped, the same evening, in public, at the *Hameau*, where she was received with universal and merited applause.

"I am particularly pleased with a garden called '*Mousseux, ou les delices de Chartre*,' situate in the *Fauxbourg St. Honoré*, and within the gates of Paris. It formerly belonged to the duke of Orleans, but, having been confiscated with the rest of his enormous fortune, is now national property, and open every day for the use of the public. The garden is arranged in the English taste, commands an extensive view, and has all the advantages and appearance of grounds at a considerable distance from a capital. Fine verdure, trees of every kind in the most luxuriant blossom, variety of flowers, a clear sky, and birds warbling a thousand wild notes, make you entirely forget the town, and the whole seems a fairy scene produced by enchantment.

"The only things in bad taste, I mean the modern antiques and drawbridges, are now falling into decay, and the artificial ruins are daily becoming real ones.

"The saloon, or house consists of a long gallery, but it has been so much neglected during the revolution, that it is now in a very tottering and dangerous state. 'Mousseux' is still a most delightful spot, and must have been exquisitely so when kept in proper order. I doubt much if such a garden is to be found within the walls of any other capital in Europe.

"I ought to mention, that, though the town is completely hidden in the shady walks of this charming retreat, one of the best views of Paris is enjoyed from a hillock of easy ascent, situate in the centre of these grounds. There is a *traiteur* at the door of the garden, where dinners may be ordered; but his accommodations (as far as can be judged from the outward appearance of his habitation) I should suppose not very superior. I have heard however of large and fashionable parties who have dined here. Nothing is paid for walking in the garden.

"At the further end of the *Bois de Boulogne*, about two miles from Paris, there is another place of this kind, which, whenever you come to Paris, I recommend your visiting. It is called '*Bagatelle*,' and formerly belonged to the *prince de Condé*, who is said to have built the house and arranged the grounds in the space of six weeks. The building, which is now an inn or tavern, is light and elegant; and the garden, allowing for some few exceptions, is laid out with considerable taste. Near the house there is a very pretty and very striking view of the bridge of *Neuilly*. The accommodations here are good, and a person fond of the country cannot pass a fine evening more agreeably, than by dining at *Bagatelle*, and strolling afterwards about the grounds.

"Before I conclude my account of the gardens of Paris, I ought to mention two, which are opened at this

season of the year, at a late hour, and usually frequented after the opera, or other *spectacles*, I mean *Frascati* and *Tivoli*.

"*Frascati* consists of a large house and small garden, situate on the Boulevard. The gate stands in the corner of 'la rue de la loi.' The apartments, elegantly painted with Italian landscapes, are large and numerous, and splendidly lighted every evening. The garden was illuminated last night, for the first time this season, and is as pretty as its limited extent can permit. It is the fashion to come here about ten o'clock, and the amusement consists in walking about, chatting with your friends, eating ices and cakes, or drinking tea, punch, or lemonade, the sale of which articles constitute the whole profits of the landlord, to whom nothing is paid for admittance. Frascati is, in short, a kind of coffee-house; and, notwithstanding the smell of brandy, gin and rum, generally prevalent, is frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen. When I first came here, I supposed that these ladies were of a *certain description*; but I was soon undeceived; and, besides seeing at this place the most respectable females of Paris, was assured by a *ci-devant comtesse*, excessively rigid on matters of etiquette, 'que toute la bonne compagnie y alloit.'* After this authoritative decision it would be presumptuous to doubt the propriety of going to Frascati, and our most scrupulous countrywomen may, without apprehension of being taken either for 'filles' or 'parvenues,' enjoy this strange and singular amusement.

"*Tivoli* is but just opened for the season. I have been there once. It is a large and beautiful garden, situate in 'la rue St. Lazare,' in the 'Chaussée d'antin.' It was illuminated with much taste; the trees are lofty, and the whole seemed to resemble what I imagine our Vauxhall was before it was covered in.

"There was a band of music, and dancing, on a platform erected for the purpose. There was also a party of tumblers. The company was not either very numerous or very genteel, but the night was not hot, and fine weather is necessary to render this place agreeable, as there is no house or shelter of any kind. In the months of July and August *Tivoli* must be delightful.

"I forgot to mention, that there were roundabouts, as they are vulgarly called in England, on which full-grown people were very gravely amusing themselves. I heard, the other day, of a duel, which took place in consequence of a dispute for one of these places. You will scarcely believe the report; yet I am every day convinced, that there is nothing so ridiculous that fancy can suppose, which does not actually and frequently take place in this most extraordinary town.

"Having given you this short sketch of the amusements 'al fresco,' I shall conclude with repeating my recommendations to you, whenever you come to Paris, to come in the spring. Winter is indeed the time for private society, but I have found from experience, that a foreigner has so little to expect on this head, that it is infinitely wiser to choose a season when an infinite variety of amusements and all the charms of nature, in their richest and happiest colours, offer a sure and constant fund of pleasure.

"I am, &c." p. 234.

Letter 30 gives an interesting account of the *literary establishments* at Paris.

"*Paris, May* 10, 1802. (20 *Floreal.*)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have postponed speaking to you of the literary establishments of Paris till my residence here had been sufficiently long to enable me to give my opinion with some degree of certainty.

"Perhaps there is no town in the known world which affords such favourable opportunities of acquiring and cultivating knowledge, as that from which I am now writing. On this subject, equality in the best sense exists; and while the poor man has the finest libraries and most extensive collections opened to his use, without any expense whatever; he whose circumstances are moderately easy obtains, for a trifling consideration,

"* That all the good company of Paris went there.

every possible means of additional improvement.

"The national library, which existed during the monarchy, and was founded by Charles the fifth, occupies a large building in the *rue de la loi (ci-devant de Richelieu)*. An elegant staircase, painted by Pelegrini, leads to the spacious apartments on the first floor, which take up three sides of the large court by which you enter, and which contain no less than three hundred thousand printed volumes. Five or six rooms, well lighted and well aired, offer on each side the best books in every science and in every language. Tables are placed for the convenience of students, and attentive librarians civilly deliver the works which are asked for.

"In the second room is a curious piece of workmanship, called 'le Parnasse Francois,'§ by *Titon Duxillet*, in which the different poets and writers of France are represented as climbing up the steep ascent of that difficult, but inspired, mountain. In my opinion, it deserves attention more as a specimen of national taste and private industry, than as a production either of genius or of beauty.

"In the third '*salon*' are the celebrated globes, the one celestial, the other terrestrial, made in 1683 by the jesuit *Coronelli*, for the *cardinal d'Estrées*. They are of immense dimensions, but require new painting; as, in the first place, they were made before the last discoveries, and, secondly, the colours are almost entirely effaced by the lapse of time.

"This admirable library, which also contains collections of medals and other curiosities, is open to all persons, who choose to attend as students, without any expense, recommendation or favour, every day in the week; but, to prevent the labours of these being interrupted, the visits of such as only come from motives of curiosity are limited to two days in seven. I saw, with pleasure, that the object of this splendid institution is fully answered. Forty or fifty young men, deeply intent on the subject of their inquiries, were seated in different parts of the room, and seemed to pursue with enthusiasm, those studies which the liberality of their country thus afforded them the means of cultivating.

"The gallery of manuscripts, called the gallery of Mazarine, contains thirty thousand volumes, generally on the history of France, and more particularly relating to facts which have taken place since the reign of Lewis XI, twenty-five thousand of which are in learned or foreign languages. The librarian, to whose care these precious papers are entrusted, was known to a gentleman who accompanied me, and, through his goodness, we saw several which are not commonly exhibited.

"I was much surprised at finding, in the hand-writing of *Lewis XIV*, memoirs of his own times, so accurately taken, that, with very little difficulty, they might be prepared for the press. I understand that a gentleman, belonging to the library, began this useful task, and had made considerable progress, when a sudden illness deprived his country and the literary world of his services.

"I was particularly entertained with the love-letters of Henry IV, which are in perfect preservation, and some of which have, I believe, been published. The following is a *fac simile* of one which particularly attracted my notice.

'Mon cher cœur, nous venons de dyner
céans, et sommes fort sous. Je vous veyrie devant que partyr de Paris vous cheyrie non comme yl faut, mes comme je pourre Ce porteur me haste si fort que je ne vous puys fay re que ce mot bonsoyr le cœur a moy je te bese un mylyon de foys
ce XIIIIme octobre 8 H 8
8
'HENRY.'§

"§ The following is nearly the exact translation:

"My dear heart, we have just dined and are very drunk. I will see you before I set out from Paris, and will caress you, not as you deserve, but as I can. The bearer hurr es me so much, that I can only say this one word..good night, my dear heart, I kiss you a million of times.

"This XIIIIth October, 8 H 8
8
"HENRY.

"§ French Parnassus.

"As the tokens of regard, which the gallant Henry thought his mistress deserved, were only limited in number to a million, we cannot too much admire the prudence with which he, who was never known to break his word, promised to testify his affection, not according to the merit of the lady, but to the powers of her lover.

"The five large rooms on the second floor contain the titles and genealogies of private families, which, though forbidden, since the revolution, to be kept by individuals, are here preserved, in order to ascertain the claims of property and to assist the researches of historians. They are contained in five thousand boxes, or *porte-feuilles*, and are arranged and labelled with the greatest precision.

"The cabinet of medals is ornamented by drawings, over the doors, by *Boucher*; by three large pictures by Natoire, representing Thalia, Calliope, and Terpsichore; by three of Carlo Vanloo, representing Psyche led by Hymen, the inventress of the flute, and the three protectors of the Muses. The cabinet of antiques, above stairs, contains the busts, vases, inscriptions, instruments of sacrifice, &c. collected by the celebrated *Caylus*.

"The cabinet of engravings, which occupies what is called, in France, the 'entresol,' or the floor between the first and second, consists of five thousand volumes, divided into twelve classes. The first contains sculptors, architects, engineers and engravers, arranged in schools. The second, prints, emblems and devices of piety. The third, Greek and Roman fables and antiquities. The fourth, medals, coins and arms. The fifth, public festivals, cavalcades and tournaments. The sixth, arts and mathematics. The seventh, prints relating to romances and works of pleasantry. The eighth, natural history in all its branches. The ninth, geography. The tenth, plans and views of ancient and modern edifices. The eleventh, portraits of persons of all conditions, to the number of fifty thousand; and the twelfth, a collection of fashions and *costumes* of almost every country in the world, from the *porte-feuille* of *Gaignieres*. This last class is said to contain the most extensive collection, yet known, of French fashions, from the time of Clovis to the present age. The greater part of the sheets are coloured, some are on vellum, copied from glass windows, from pieces of tapestry, and from figures on tombs. The picture of king John, being the first specimen of French painting, is found in this collection. It is well preserved.

"I ought not to conclude my account of the national library without mentioning, that among the manuscripts there are several in the Persian, Arabic and Chinese languages.

"Besides the 'national library,' there is the library of the Pantheon, (or St. Genevieve) consisting of eighty thousand volumes and two thousand manuscripts, open every day from ten till two o'clock.

"The Mazarine library, or 'des quatre nations,' is open every day from ten till two o'clock, excepting on the 5th and 10th of each month, and contains sixty thousand volumes.

"The library of the Institute is open every day to members, and every 15th of the month to the public.

"The legislature, the tribunate, the senate, and the other constituted authorities, have also their libraries.

"In addition to these sources of knowledge, there are several literary institutions, called, when I first came here, *des Lycées*, or *Lyceums*, but which, in consequence of the national colleges lately established having taken that name, have changed their's, and assumed the appellation of *des Athenées*. The most distinguished of these, 'le Lycée,' or, according to its new title, 'l'Athenée' 'republicain,' has been the principal source of my amusement at Paris. It consists of annual subscribers, who, for the moderate sum of four louis, enjoy all its benefits. The society has a large floor, or apartment, situate near the Palais Royal, in a street called by its name, and it is open the whole of every day for the use of the subscribers. There is a small library, where all the periodical publications and newspapers are taken in; and while three or four rooms are appropriated to conversation, one is devoted to reading, and profound silence is there ordered and maintained. In addition to these, there is an excellent lecture-room, with all the necessary apparatus for experiments, in which the

ablest men in France appear as professors. The subject of the lectures, which are regularly given, always twice, and frequently three times, in the course of the day, are, literature, the sciences, and modern languages. When I add, that *Fourcroy* takes the chemical department, that *Cuvier* reads on natural history, and that *la Harpe*, till banished by the government, was the professor of literature, you will readily allow that no establishment can be better organized. Besides these, *Hassenfratz* gives very good lectures on agriculture, and the studies connected with that science. *Sue*, as an anatomist, is justly celebrated, and the other professors, in their different lines, prove themselves well qualified for the tasks assigned them. With *Fourcroy* and *Cuvier* I was particularly delighted; and it is impossible, without having heard them, to form an idea of the clearness and eloquence with which they explain the subjects of their respective departments. As to *la Harpe*, I must confess, I was not a little disappointed. From his great renown, and from the encomiums passed on him in early life, by *Voltaire*, I expected to have been at once pleased, instructed and surprised. In these hopes I was strongly encouraged by the manner in which his lectures were spoken of at Paris, and by the crowds which flocked to the *Lycee* whenever it was his turn to fill the chair. Dreadful was my disappointment when, at last, I heard him. *Perpignan*, *la Motte*, *Fontenelle*, and some other authors of that stamp, were the subjects of his discourses; and, beginning with telling us that these writers were either entirely forgotten, or deserved to be so, he continued, for whole days together, to drag their ghosts before his audience, whom he seemed to convert into a *tribunal revolutionaire* of criticism, and to attack their memory with all the warmth and violence of an *accusateur publique*. These philippics against dead and neglected authors, filled up with long quotations from the works which he ridiculed, interlarded with attacks on those philosophical and political principles of which he was originally the ardent advocate, and enlivened now and then with a joke, and sometimes with an anecdote, constituted the whole merit of his lectures. Yet the members of the *Lycée* heard him with wonder and admiration; and whenever he threw down his book, turned round with a look of self-complacence, or filled his tumbler with lemonade, from the decanter always placed by his side, the signal was instantly taken, and loud and repeated applauses thundered from every corner of the room. To account for this partiality, I must repeat, that every thing at Paris is ruled by fashion; and *la Harpe* being generally considered as the most distinguished literary man now alive, every thing which fell from his tongue was necessarily excellent, and I have no doubt, that if he had contented himself with reading an article from one of the newspapers of the morning, he would have been equally admired and as warmly applauded.

"The *Lycée* is altogether a most excellent establishment, and, considering that two lectures, and frequently three, are given six days in every week, and that these lectures are included in the subscription, the price of four louis is very moderate.

"I cannot speak properly of this institution as a place of society, as I seldom staid there after the conclusion of the lectures; but I am told, that the members are, generally speaking, respectable men. The rooms are constantly full, and some persons may be said nearly to pass their lives there, since they are scarcely ever absent except at the hour of dinner. I think it not improbable, that much amusement may be found in the conversation of the members, but I confine my recommendation to the advantages which the *Lycee* affords, as an easy source of profitable knowledge.

"*L'Institut national*, that celebrated society which has succeeded *l'academie Francoise*, which is held up as the great republican repository of genius and learning, and into which admittance is solicited with so much eagerness, both at home and abroad, consists of one hundred and forty-four members resident at Paris, and of twenty-four foreign associates. It is divided into three classes; the sciences, physical and mathematical; the sciences, moral and political; literature and the fine arts. Each of these classes is again subdivided.

"The *Institut* has a public séance,

or meeting, on the 15th of every month. I was present at one of these assemblies, and I am ashamed to confess, that I had difficulty in refraining from laughter. The society holds its sittings in a spacious room in the palace of the Louvre. The members were seated in such silent, solemn state, each with his reading desk, books, ink, and wax lights before him, while a dull and uninteresting paper was reading, that their gravity produced the opposite effect on me, and *malgré* my respect for the establishment and for those who belong to it, it was not without a struggle that I composed my features and checked the impulse of nature. At last, fortunately for me, *Callot d'Herville*, a dramatic writer of merit, ascended the rostrum, and read a kind of funeral oration, or eulogy, on the memory of an author of reputation, lately dead. The simplicity of the speaker's manner, the harmony of his voice, and the feeling which he displayed, in deploring the loss and proving the worth of his friend, charmed every ear; and, notwithstanding the pompous faces which surrounded me, I became as melancholy as they wished to appear serious. The members of 'l'institut national' wear a blue cloth uniform, richly embroidered with silk of the same colour.

"The '*Jardin national des Plantes*,'‖ founded originally by Buffon, is one of the most interesting objects at Paris. Naturalists, and persons fond of botany, have here every opportunity of cultivating those useful studies, and of gratifying, in the amplest manner, their favourite taste. The garden itself, which is extensive, and reaches to the river, contains every kind of curious and exotic plant. There is a greenhouse, likewise, filled with such trees, the tender nature of which cannot bear the coldness of a northern atmosphere.

"There is also a *menagerie*, or collection of animals, among which every kind of fierce, rare, and foreign quadrupeds may be found. On my first arrival at Paris, there were two elephants, of different sizes, who had lived several years together in the same stable. They were of very considerable dimensions, equal to those, the effigy of which is sometimes seen on a London stage. The male has lately died, and *Cuvier* is to anatomize the body and give a lecture on the subject. The female, for some time after the death of her companion, shewed evident symptoms of grief, and even refused at first every kind of nourishment. The house attached to 'le Jardin des Plantes' is filled with a precious collection of curiosities in natural history, properly arranged and correctly named. Several rooms are filled with these valuable objects, and I am told, by persons acquainted with such subjects, that very little is wanting to make this *depot* complete. Stuffed quadrupeds,§ birds, plants, fossils, fish, and shells, offer every kind of variety, and even the ignorant man finds here a source of never-failing amusement. The collection of insects is particularly curious and extensive. I believe it is considered as the finest in the world.

"The *Jardin des Plantes*, like every other national establishment in France, is seen gratuitously, and is open to foreigners every day, while Frenchmen are only admitted three or four times in each week. It is impossible to mention too often, or to admire too highly, a trait of hospitality so truly magnificent.

"The 'cabinet *de l'ecole des mines*, is a superb establishment. It is situate in the principal building towards the key of the *hotel des Monnaies*. It was formed in 1778, of the collection which the famous mineralogist, le Sage, was eighteen years in putting together. The middle of the cabinet forms an amphitheatre, capable of containing two hundred persons. Glass cases enclose, in the finest order, minerals of every kind and from every part of the world. Four other separate cases offer models of machinery. On the stairs, leading to the gallery, is the bust of monsieur le Sage, which was placed there by the gratitude of his pupils. The gallery is surrounded with cases, containing specimens of the productions of mines, too numerous to be placed with those which are in the first cabinet of mines. The interior of the cabinet is 45 feet long

"‖ The national garden of Plants.

"§ Among the curious quadrupeds here preserved is the *Camelopardalis*. *Vide Vaillant's Travels in Africa.*

by 38 wide, and 40 feet high. All the English, who have seen *l'Ecole des Mines*, agree in speaking of it as one of the most interesting sights of this interesting capital.§

"Beside the great establishments which I have mentioned, there are several others which it would be an endless task to attempt to specify.

"There are also many 'lycées,' or 'athenées,' beside that of which I have spoken. There are likewise private subscription-lectures on all subjects, many of which are of high repute, such as those of Mr. Charles on natural philosophy, of the excellence of whose experiments and the clearness of whose discourses I hear a very favourable account.

"The English, German, and Italian languages, are taught by the professors at the different 'lycées,' by particular subscription, and for moderate sums in other places. In short, there is no literary pursuit of any kind, which any man, in any circumstances, may not cultivate with success at Paris.

"Fortitude is necessary to resist the opportunities of committing crimes, if the individual be poor, and of falling into the temptations of pleasure, if he happen to be rich. Guarded against these respective evils, the industrious scholar, whether covered with rags, or 'clad every day in purple,' may move on in the career of letters with every possible advantage, and with the certitude of at last obtaining the utmost object of his wishes. If any equality exist in France, it is found in the fount of knowledge, which literally

'—In patriam populumque fluxit.'

"In addition to the opportunities afforded for literary improvement already mentioned, the price of books is moderate; and *cabinets literaires* offer in every quarter of the town, and almost in every street, newspapers, pamphlets and periodical works.

"Paris, however, does not possess many circulating libraries, and of the few which exist I can give no favourable account. Perhaps the facility with which works of value are consulted, and the trifle for which those of the day are bought, are the reasons of this deficiency. It is however a considerable convenience wanting in so great a city; and I think that such an establishment, on a liberal and extended scale, would be a profitable and useful subject of speculation.

"I have said nothing of '*la Societé des belles Lettres*,' of '*la Societé de Medecine*,' of '*la Societé d'Institution*,' &c. Were I to enumerate all the useful establishments, both public and private, connected with literature, my letter would soon be swelled into a volume, and that even of no small dimensions. I shall therefore now conclude my account by observing, that whatever are the particular objects to which a studious man wishes to direct his attention, 'quod petit hic est;' he will find here all the facilities which he can possibly desire for pursuing his favourite science, with little or no expense and great advantage.

"I am, &c." p. 265

The *last letter*, though long, is well worth transcription.

"LETTER XXXII.

"*General view of Paris, principally taken as compared with London.*

"*Paris, May* 14, 1802. (24 *Floreal.*)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Having in my former letters endeavoured to give you some idea of the particular objects of greatest curiosity, I shall, in this last, take a general view of Paris, principally as compared with London.

"I shall begin with remarking, that of all the foreigners of different nations, who frequent this city, the English are those who are least satisfied with its pleasures, its occupations, and its manners. For this many reasons may be assigned. The nations of the continent have, in the first place, in their mode of living, a kind of general resemblance, which qualifies them more for domesticating (if

§ I do not mention *l'Ecole Polytechnique*, that admirable institution, in which eight hundred young men, named by the government, (principally as a reward for the services of their fathers) are liberally educated, because it forms part of the system of public instruction, which, being of a political nature, is foreign to my object. In this letter I only mean to point out those establishments from which foreigners can derive either information or pleasure.

I may be permitted the expression) in a country not their own than we have. A German, an Italian, a Russian, or a Swede, has been accustomed at home to the French kitchen, or at least to a bad imitation of its dishes; his habits, his fashions, and even his literary pursuits, have been formed on the model of the French; and, if he has lived in a court, the French language has also been from infancy as familiar to him as his own. Very different is the situation of an Englishman. He finds himself, on landing at Calais, in a new world, and, in all the ordinary occurrences of life, his habits are to be fresh modelled.

"The cleanliness so generally prevalent in England, not only in private houses but likewise in inns, taverns, and hotels, is seldom met with on the continent, and it is necessary for the traveller to lay aside his best customs and most excusable prejudices before he can be tolerably easy.

"To breakfast and dine in a bedroom, to eat with the same knife of every article, to have the bed made by a man, and other indelicacies too gross to mention, are little misfortunes to which an English gentleman submits with regret, and a lady with real pain. The numerous but scanty dishes which crowd a French table, among which a joint of plain roasted meat seldom appears, cloy without satisfying the appetite of those who have been used to simpler but more substantial food. The wine also, notwithstanding its high repute, seldom seems strong enough, or of sufficient body, for such as are habitual drinkers of port, though when the latter has been for some time discontinued the taste becomes disagreeable. The familiarity of servants and waiters (though less than before the revolution) is still disgusting and offensive. The necessity of bargaining, even at the most respectable shops, for the commonest articles of merchandise, renders the purchase of them very unpleasant. These circumstances, however trifling, occur too frequently in the course of every day not to have a considerable effect on the *serenity of John Bull.* Accustomed only to his own language, he is either totally ignorant of the French, or speaks it with difficulty, hesitation and fear. He is tormented with the frequent visits which he is expected to pay; and the custom of leaving the table immediately after dinner, seldom allowing time for more than one or two glasses of good wine, completely destroys the original goodnature of his character.

"I have recapitulated these little distresses, as I am convinced they sour the temper, and have a considerable influence on the unfavourable judgment often pronounced by my countrymen. I do not pretend myself to be superior to such weaknesses, and mention the circumstance that too implicit credit may not be given to the opinions of one capable of being biassed by 'trifles light as air.' I must be permitted however to observe, that there are reasons of a much more serious nature, which may make the English less easy to please than other foreigners. We come from a country, where all the arts are carried to a degree of perfection, at least equal to what is attained on the same objects in France, and where, in many things, the ingenuity of our manufacturers is unrivalled. In science and literature we have not been compelled to look from home; and while we now admire the many distinguished writers which France has produced, they are not our only models, and with Locke and Newton, Milton and Shakespeare, we cannot pay that unbounded homage to the genius and learning of our neighbours which they are apt to demand. The freedom and excellence of our constitution accustoms us to a degree of unrestrained conversation, seldom met with at Paris; and the general diffusion of wealth in London has introduced, among all orders, a degree of comfort which is seldom found even in the proudest houses of the French capital.

"The beauty of our women, and the delicacy of their behaviour, render us less enthusiastic admirers of Parisian belles and Parisian fashions than the strangers of other countries.

"The perfection to which the stage has advanced in London, and the splendid manner in which our theatres are lighted, prevent our being greatly struck with the renowned *spectacles* of this place; and the taste, profusion, and magnificence, displayed in our private entertainments, oppose too powerful a contrast to the gaieties

of Paris, to allow us to be much delighted with the latter. Our race of horses, and our manufacture of carriages, are both too perfect to render it possible for us to admire the wretched equipages which are here considered as the *acme* of elegance. It is equally impossible for us to praise the gardens of the *Thuilleries*, the Champs Élisées, or the *Bois de Boulogne*, as long as we remember Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. Nor can the lighting and paving of Paris excite the admiration of those who have been used to the comfortable *trottoir* and brilliant lamps of the streets of London.

"Having thus stated the reasons, good and bad, for the tameness with which Englishmen often speak of Paris, I shall endeavour to divest myself, as much as possible, of national prejudice, and to lay before you the advantages and disadvantages attendant on a residence in this city.

"In respect to literature, the arts and sciences, certainly every opportunity is offered which knowledge can afford, or which a zeal for letters can desire. In this respect, I think, Paris is superior to London. Besides the immense acquisitions which it has lately made, and the great and wonderful collections that are constantly open to the public, there are so many private institutions within the reach of men of moderate fortune, that this city would soon rival all the universities of Europe, did not the pleasures of the place hold out temptations dangerous to the morals of youth.

"Literary men also are more respected than in England; and, instead of abandoning society, (which is too much the case with men of learning in our country) the industrious, but unprotected Frenchman, who engages in the career of letters, finds his way into the most brilliant circles of the capital. Even the haughtiest of the old nobility admit into their most intimate coteries those who have attained any literary fame, however low their origin or however mean their appearance. On this head, I give unqualified and unrivalled praise to Paris.

"Whether a foreigner could profitably pursue any commercial speculation here, it is not for me to inquire. I shall only observe, that, notwithstanding the laws of equality, prejudices exist as strongly as ever at Paris; and could a fortune be accumulated here as rapidly as in London, that fortune would never purchase the respect and consequence with which a similar acquisition is attended in England. A merchant (or 'negotiant,' to use the French expression) is still an insignificant character in this town, and all the wealth of India would not place him on a level with a general, a minister, or a *ci-devant* noble.

"A man of pleasure, or rather of dissipation, may, in all the joys of unbounded variety, destroy his health, vitiate his principles, enervate his mind, and ruin his fortune. To the rich, however old, ugly, or deformed, beauty will not refuse her smiles; and every assembly is open to him who, in the morning, will convey 'madame' to milliners, jewellers, and lace merchants, and will devote his evenings to the *boulotte*‖ of 'monsieur.'

"The politician, or, in other words, he who is anxious to become acquainted with the real causes of the present order of things, and to examine to their source the many-coloured events which have preceded it, will be much disappointed. The greater number of those who took an active part in the revolution have been swept away in the general torrent; the few that remain are either living in obscurity and cautious of expressing their opinions, or become, like other apostates, as violent on one side as they were on the other; of course, no satisfactory information is to be derived from them. As to the general bulk of the nation, passive under the iron tyranny of that sanguinary monster, Robespierre, they preferred at that time the accidental hope of individual escape to the generous and braver conduct of a bold resistance. They are still the same people; and, now that their tranquillity and private happiness are secured, they look on in perfect apathy, and (if the term were not too rash) I should add, in sulky content.

"Should France be deprived of Bonaparte, a circumstance which Frenchmen of all parties allow would

"‖ *Boulotte* is a gambling game much played at Paris, and said to be the support of several families.

be at present a great national misfortune, I have no doubt that obedience would be quietly and generally yielded to whatever party should seize the reins of power. It is universally allowed, that there is no security beyond the life of the first consul;‖ yet no one proposes, and I am sure no one thinks, of providing against an event, which, in the order of nature, must sooner or later arrive. You cannot, living in England, form an idea of the indifference prevalent here about public matters.

"The time of Robespierre, or 'la regne de la terreur,' as it is commonly called, is often the subject of conversation, and it is mentioned with as much disgust and horror as in other countries; yet it never seems to occur to any one, that in having been the tacit spectators and instruments of the murders committed at that time, the inhabitants of this country were parties to his crimes. But it is perhaps absurd to complain of the present want of feeling, when we recollect the strange unconcern with which, under the immediate terror and view of the *guillotine*, the persons confined in the different prisons, while they awaited their turn of cruelty, engaged in every sort of frivolous amusement. I have been assured, by those who were themselves in custody at that unhappy period, that toilets were made, parties planned, cards played, scandal talked of, assemblies arranged, and little jealousies entertained, in the very caverns of death. More than one person was taken from the dinner-table, or the game of chess, to the place of execution. From a nation so strangely indifferent to its dearest interests, what intelligence can you expect to collect? If you ask a question relating to those dreadful moments, you receive a violent philippic against the memory of a man, too infamous even to deserve the honours of abuse. If you make an inquiry about the present constitution, you are laughed at, and, *pour toute reponse*, are told, 'C'est Bonaparte qui fait tout—tout lui est soumis—tout lui est possible.'§

"A gentleman and his wife, proposing to visit Paris, particularly if they happen to be attached to each other, and have no decided rank, ought carefully to provide themselves with all the letters of recommendation which they can possibly obtain, if they wish to be admitted into any of the houses of the Parisians. They must remember, that every thing is calculated in this town, and that, if the female traveller will not conciliate the masters of families by her smiles, nor her husband by presents and attentions to the ladies, no door will be opened which is not forced open by the imperious command of some person on whose power and interest the party depends. With the most insignificant title, or the lowest order of chivalry, something may be done, for these add to the splendour of an assembly; but without these advantages, and without vice, foreigners live but dully in this gay city. An English lady, of superior talents, observed to me one day, with great truth, that she never discovered that her title of 'countess' was of any use, till she entered the territory of the French republic. I ought also to mention, that it seldom happens in this country, that a person, to whom a stranger is recommended, thinks it necessary to present him to another; of course, the number of acquaintance will not exceed that of the letters with which a foreigner is favoured. It may be doubtful whether all these will be attended to; but, at any rate, the houses of those to whom he is addressed will form the limits of his society. Families, coming with children, will have great advantages in procuring them education. Masters in every science, and in every language, may be had at a very easy expense. The only antidote is, the temptation to pleasure. Under a certain age, no place can be so well suited to the purposes of instruction.

"‖ This was, of course, written before the late changes in the government, which appear to provide against this event. I leave the remark unaltered, as, in the first place, this provision comes not from the people, but from the first consul himself. Secondly, this arrangement is only on paper, and, if it last the life of Bonaparte, will scarcely be respected after his death.

"§ It is Bonaparte who does every thing; every thing is submitted to him; every thing is possible for him.

"Having taken a hasty view of the different situations in which this town may be visited, I shall conclude my subject by enumerating in what I conceive London is superior to Paris, and in what Paris is superior to London.

"In width, cleanliness, and beauty, the streets of London have such a decided advantage over those of Paris, that I believe even a Frenchman would acknowledge, that the question could not be disputed. The footpaths of the former, on which the pedestrian may walk without danger or dirt; the excellent pavement, which prevents any fatigue from being experienced in the use of a carriage; and the brilliance of the lamps at night, which renders the passage, in an evening, from one part of the town to another, rather a pleasure than a pain; are but ill contrasted by the narrow and filthy lanes of the latter, in which persons on foot are constantly exposed to every kind of accident and inconvenience; to the neglected carriage-ways, in moving over which individuals are bruised, and wheels rapidly worn out; and to the dismal and uncertain light which a few lanterns, hung by cords suspended from the opposite houses, faintly affords. But if the streets of Paris must yield to those of London, the former city is undoubtedly superior in its palaces and public buildings, and in the height, style, and architecture of private houses, the stone fronts, regular plan, and lofty dimensions of which, have a very commanding appearance. But though the edifices are finer, and the arrangement more convenient, each floor consisting of a complete set of rooms, yet, from their great size, it usually happens that the same house is inhabited by several families, and the stairs, consequently, becoming public, are as dirty and as disgusting as the common streets. Where too an individual keeps an entire house in his possession, the number of his servants is rarely proportioned to the size of his habitation, and either only a part is occupied, or the whole is neglected and in bad order.

"I cannot help adding, as a singular circumstance, that notwithstanding the extensive and superior scale on which private hotels are built at Paris, I have seldom seen open, at an assembly here, either as many rooms, or those of such large dimensions, as are met with, on similar occasions, in families of rank and fashion in London. The reason of this apparent contradiction, perhaps, is this, that as but one floor (whether others belong to the same person or not) is generally made use of, the bed-rooms, offices, and antichamber, occupy too large a space to allow much extent for the apartments devoted to the reception of company. From the opposite reason, it often happens that a house in London, of a moderate size, has several large rooms, in which a numerous society may be entertained, though these rooms are scattered on different floors.

"In respect to furniture, the houses of the '*parvenus*' are elegantly and splendidly fitted up. Most of the other private hotels have received little improvement, repair, or alteration, since the beginning of the revolution, and are consequently not very remarkable either for freshness or novelty of taste. Carpets are not common; and though the beds are generally better and in a more ornamental form than those usually seen in England, and the antique shapes are most classically imitated in the decoration of these and in the chairs, or *fauteuils*, yet, in other respects, I think our modern manner of fitting up houses has the advantage over that which generally prevails at Paris. Mahogany, so commonly used in England for dinner tables, is seldom applied to that purpose in France; and, as the cloth is never removed, they are made of deal. *En revanche*, it forms, instead of gold, the frames of satin furniture; and the walls of drawing-rooms are often ornamented with that wood. I cannot say I admire mahogany thus employed, but this is entirely a matter of taste. Plate glass is, of course, very superior, and infinitely more common in the decoration of rooms than in England; yet, with this exception, and a few others, I think our apartments in London are more completely furnished, are much cleaner, and have many little comforts which are wanting in those of Paris. Some particular houses here do indeed present models of taste, profusion, and luxury, unequalled by any of

our's; but the number of these is very trifling, and alters but little the general result.

"The eating-rooms of French houses are very disgusting. Instead of the comfortable Turkey carpet, handsome curtains, stuccoed walls, blazing fire, and ornamental sideboard, of a London parlour, the dinner is here served in a dark and gloomy apartment, called '*la salle a manger*,' imperfectly heated with a stove, the floor generally of stone, and always without a carpet, the windows without curtains or shutters, and the whole dirty and uninviting. Where there is not a separate antichamber, the servants occupy the dining rooms in the absence of their masters; and, in that case, the smell, which such company are apt to leave, is extremely offensive

"Of the assemblies I have already spoken. Excepting a great ball given by madame Recamier, where there was a crowd of three or four hundred persons of different classes, with only a standing or *sandwich* supper, and a superb fete given by monsieur de Dimidoff, a rich russian, I have heard of no very numerous party. The balls generally consist of from fifty to a hundred people. Those at which I was present appeared rather calculated to show the dancing and dress of the ladies, than to promote general gaiety or diversion. In splendour of *costume*, and in graceful movements, our entertainments of this sort must yield to those of Paris; but in general mirth, in decorations, in supper, and brilliancy of light, the comparison is decidedly in favour of the former. The constant fluctuation also which takes place in London, from the number of engagements of each individual, gives a variety which is wanting in a French party, at which all the invited pass their whole evening.

"The *thés*, which answer, in some respects, to our card parties, are infinitely less in number than the latter. The conversation of the former is, undoubtedly, more worthy of occupying the attention of rational beings than the senseless *chit chat* of our fashionable *coteries*. It is only to be regretted, that the desire of speaking on literary subjects with *eclat*, so generally prevalent at Paris, not unfrequently degenerates into pedantry and affectation. Hence the tasteless coiner of pompous sentences is often mistaken for a man of genius, and the chattering ostentatious coxcomb is admired, while the silence of modesty and the reflection of good sense expose those, in whom they are discovered, sometimes to ridicule and always to neglect. The conversation too is commonly monopolized by a few, and the rest of the company yawn away their evening uninterested and uninteresting. On this subject the higher classes of both countries might improve by observing the faults of each other; those of England, in rendering the topics of their conversation less trifling; and those of France, by letting ideas, instead of expressions, occupy their attention.

"The concerts here are dull and tiresome entertainments, which last five or six hours uninterruptedly. Young ladies are often the principal performers, and admired rather in proportion to their rank and fashion than to the harmony of their voice or the scientifical proficiency which they have made in the study of music. As we have generally in London the first Italian masters, and the most distinguished singers, I conceive that our amusements of this sort must be superior to those of Paris.

"Of the *spectacles* I have fully spoken in a former letter, I shall therefore be as concise as possible at present. The opera of Paris is superior to that of London in dancing and decoration; but the latter, in point of brilliance, gaiety, music, beauty, and elegance of company, has such an advantage over the former, that it may justly be said to be, in the language of Shakespeare, 'Hyperion to a satyr.' As to the play-houses, the comic performers in France possess a degree of extraordinary merit, and of professional skill, which I do not conceive any theatre of Europe can equal; but if they have attained a higher point of perfection than our actors, in that line, I think our tragedians as decidedly exceed the French in simplicity of diction and of manner, in the just representation of human passions, and, above all, in taking nature for their guide, which, in assuming the buskin, the latter seem entirely to forget. As to the general state of the *spectacles*, as public places, those

of London are infinitely gayer, but those of Paris more orderly, and less subject to riots, indecency and disturbance.

"The walks, or *promenades*, of both these great cities, are delightful. Our's have the singular merit of being pleasant even in winter; and, besides, our large streets, the footways of which, even after rain, are soon dry, with the gardens of our various squares and inns of court, St. James's and Hyde park offer constant and beautiful spots for exercise. At Paris, there are no *trottoirs*, and the Thuilleries, Champs Elisées, and Boulevards, are almost impassable for foot-passengers in bad weather. When the spring begins, the scene changes, and this city then boasts some charming gardens, which I have already enumerated, and which are well frequented. In my opinion, however, there is nothing here to be compared either with Hyde park or Kensington gardens.

"For excursions round the town, the neighbourhood of London seems to afford more variety and picturesque views than that of Paris; but the vicinity of both cities is very beautiful.

"The hours of the two capitals are now so nearly alike, that it is unnecessary to draw a comparison between them. No genteel family at Paris dines before four or five o'clock, and some persons not till six or seven. The *thés* begin about nine, the balls at twelve. The theatres commence at seven, and are generally over between ten and eleven.

"The shops of London, as well as every kind of trade and manufactory, are so decidedly superior to those of Paris, that it would be ridiculous to make the subject a question of doubt. There have been, however, some very elegant '*magazins*' (or shops) lately opened in la Rue de la Loi, (ci devant de Richelieu) particularly that of M. le Roi, and another, called 'la Maison de la Providence,' nearly opposite la Rue de Feydeau.

"Hackney-coaches are a convenience which both these cities enjoy in great perfection. Those of Paris have improved so much since the revolution, that I conceive them now to be superior to our's, both in carriages and horses. The fare for one distance, (or '*course*') whether long to short, provided it be within the gates of Paris, is *thirty sols* (or one shilling and three-pence English). There are, besides these, *cabriolets*, or open carriages, constantly plying, which are not only good but uncommonly elegant. They are equal to the best appointed gigs of private persons in London; the horses are fleet and the drivers civil. The fare is something more than that of a 'fiacre,' or hackney coach.

"The 'hotels garnis' are not so good or so numerous as they were formerly; but I think them still better than our houses of the same kind in London. There is also a privacy in a French apartment, (the outward door of each making a distinct habitation) which gives it a decided advantage over the lodgings of an English hotel.

"The public rooms and private *cabinets* of 'restaurateurs' are certainly more elegantly fitted up than the apartments of our taverns or coffee-houses. The cooking of the former is better, and presents a much greater variety of dishes, and the affixed price to each article makes the price of a dinner depend entirely on the choice of him by whom it is ordered.

"As to society, that material ingredient in the happiness of man, of which every one who has a head or heart feels the vast importance, I conceive that foreigners arriving either in London or Paris, without pressing recommendations or exalted rank, may be much embarrassed, and may, in both places, pass months and even years without making one proper acquaintance. Yet it appears to me tha there is this great and distinguishing difference between the manners of the two capitals; that a person, properly introduced to a few families of fashion in London, will rapidly find his way into every society which he wishes to frequent; whereas, in Paris, however well individuals may be received in one or two of the most esteemed houses, that circumstance will not contribute to their introduction to any others, and if a stranger arrives with a certain number of recommendations, he may, after a six-month's residence, quit Paris without having increased the list of his acquaintance. I speak on this subject from experience. Be-

sides a near relation of my own, two or three families,‖ long connected with mine, have still establishments here, and live in the best company of the place. By all of these, Mrs. —— and myself were well and hospitably received, but the persons whom we met at their houses neither paid us visits, or in other respects shewed us the most trifling civilities.

" Madame de St—l is the only new acquaintance to whom we are indebted for a polite and hospitable reception, which indeed every foreigner of character is sure to find at her house, which, on account of the public characters often seen there, on account of the rational conversation and general gaiety which always prevail, and, above all, on account of the distinguished wit and universal politeness of 'madame,' is the most agreeable of Paris.

" Having thus drawn a comparative statement of the advantages and disadvantages of these cities, principally viewed as places either of study or of amusement, I shall be excused for adding a few words on the state of charitable institutions, though they do not immediately form part of my subject.

" Our hospitals and asylums for suffering poverty are too well known and stand on too high a basis to require any eulogium from me. I am happy to add, that those of Paris have not been neglected during the united horrors of war and revolution. A respectable physician (not a Frenchman) assures me, that even during the most barbarous moments of the sanguinary Robespierre these useful establishments were not abandoned. By a strange contradiction, while virtue and innocence were daily dragged to the scaffold, misery here found a refuge from the agonies of pain and the menaces of disease. These institutions are now kept up with liberality and every possible attention. Besides several others, the medical gentleman in question particularly praises 'l'Hotel Dieu, rue du Marché Palu,' where from fifteen hundred to two thousand sick persons receive the advice of the ablest physicians, and are treated with the most delicate care. The government, and the persons particularly entrusted with the management of this establishment, show the most laudable zeal in its support. 'L'Hospice St. Louis' is an excellent appendage to this, to which those whose complaints are contagious are immediately removed. He next commends 'l'Hospice de la Pitié, rue Fossés St. Victor,' behind '*le Jardin des Plantes*,' the refuge of distressed innocence, in which two thousand children of soldiers, who died in the service of their country, are rescued from misery and comfortably supported. 'L'Hospice de St. Sulpice, rue de Sevres,' originally built by madame Necker, in which one hundred and twenty sick and eighteen wounded persons are relieved. 'L'Hospice des Incurables,' where the doom of these unhappy wretches is softened by an extensive garden; and 'l'Hospice de la Salpetriere,' built by Louis XIII, and maintained at present in all its original grandeur. The building is fine, presenting a majestic *facade*, and its boundaries are so extensive, that it is almost a little city. Here sixteen hundred girls are employed in making linen and in working lace. Old married men, young women affected with madness, and female ideots, here receive those little comforts of which their respec-

‖ Among the old friends of my family, from whom we received particular kindness, I shall be pardoned for naming madame (la ci-devant comtesse) d'H—t, so frequently mentioned in the Confessions of *Jean Jacques*, and the real model on which he formed his imaginary Heloise. We had the pleasure of passing some days at her country-seat, in the valley of Montmorency, and several evenings at her hotel at Paris This accomplished woman, who, at the age of thirty, had the talent to attract, and the virtue to resist the affection of Rousseau, has still, at seventy, that amiability of manner, that suavity of disposition, and that fund of enlightened conversation, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a person far from handsome, gained her the love of that extraordinary man. The latter has been very unjust in the character which he has drawn of the husband of this lady. He is still living, and is a respectable man, of ancient family, independent fortune, and irreproachable reputation. *St. Lambert*, the Thomson of France, resides with Mr. and Madame d'H—t, and his extreme old age receives from their attention the comforts and kindness of unvarying friendship.

tive situations still allow them to partake.

"Requesting you to pardon this digression, I shall conclude my subject with a few short observations drawn from my former remarks.

"To those who are fond of the arts, and who devote their time to the pursuit, Paris offers objects of great interest and unequalled beauty. Persons who pass their lives in a career of dissipation, who are satisfied with public amusements, bought pleasures, and high play, will find here, decked in all the joys of variety, the means of gratifying their favourite wishes. To such as come to view the curiosities of the place, Paris will appear delightful during a residence of two or three months, as that time will be fully and agreeably occupied in examining its various institutions, and in visiting its different theatres, particularly if the traveller arrives in the beginning of spring, when the charms of nature are added to those of art. But to him whose attachments are centred within the circle of his own family, who is fond of the investigation of truth, and whose early days have been passed in the polished societies of London, Paris, after its great and striking beauties have once been sufficiently viewed, will appear comparatively tame, dull, and uninteresting. He will daily miss the freedom of conversation which is so generally prevalent in England; he will look in vain for that manly sense with which great national questions are discussed by men of education in London; he will be irritated by the flippancy of French politicians, and by the pedantic terms and laboured sentences which take the place of sound argument and solid reasoning. He will find the amusements rather various than splendid. He will find society difficult when it is good, and dangerous when it is easy.* He will admire the grace and elegance of the ladies, and will look with an eye of pity, if not of contempt, on the indelicacy of their dress. He will hear 'la bonne compagnie' talked of in every set, and never defined. He will perhaps at last discover that it only exists where it does not assume the name, or, as Voltaire says,

'Qui ne s'appelle pas la bonne compagnie, mais qui l'est.'

He will view with wonder and admiration the works of art, and see with no little pleasure and curiosity the extraordinary man now at the head of government. Such will be his principal sources of satisfaction at Paris. He will soon discover that every thing else, however blazoned out in the trappings of grandeur or vamped up in the colouring of hyperbole, is only 'air and empty nothing.'

"Adieu, my dear sir, I propose setting out to-morrow morning for Lyons and Switzerland, you will therefore not hear from me again till I am far distant from this capital. I came here big with hope and eager in expectation; I rejoice at having undertaken the journey, as it has afforded me much useful information; but I leave Paris without regret, and with but little desire of a speedy return.

"I am, &c." p. 308.

"* There are innumerable houses at Paris in which, with every appearance of respectability, and often with the assistance of some lofty sounding title, the unwary stranger often finds his ruin. Amidst the smiles of beauty, the splendour of foreign orders, the jollity of wine, and the gaiety of dancing, youth loses its prudence, one evening's entertainment is paid by the loss of that fortune, on which his happiness, and perhaps that of many dear relatives depended.

XXXV. AN ACCOUNT *of the Island of Ceylon, containing its History, Geography, Natural History, with the Manners and Customs of its various Inhabitants; to which is added, the Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Candy. Illustrated by a Map and Charts. By* ROBERT PERCIVAL, ESQ. *of his Majesty's Nineteenth Regiment of Foot.*

(Concluded from page 163.)

"HE must also never hint a doubt of their power over the sharks, as this might render the divers scrupulous of committing themselves to the deep, or indeed deter them from fishing at all. The conjurers reap here a rich harvest, for, besides being paid by the government, they get

money and presents of all sorts from the black merchants and those successful in fishing up the oysters.

"The address of these fellows in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into our possession, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives the most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them, 'that an old witch, who owed him a grudge, had just come from Colang on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration, which, for the time, rendered his spells fruitless; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened, but that he would now shew his own superiority over his antagonist by enchanting the sharks and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season.' Fortunately for the conjurer, the event answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishery of that year. Whether this was owing to the prayers and charms of the conjurer, I leave my European readers to decide; but certainly it was firmly believed to be the case by the Indian divers, and he was afterwards held by them in the highest esteem and veneration. His merits however in this transaction might be disputed, for there are many seasons in which no such accidents occur at all. The appearance of a single shark is indeed sufficient to spread dismay among the whole body of divers; for as soon as one of them sees a shark he instantly gives the alarm to his companions, who as quickly communicate it to the other boats; a panic speedily seizes the whole, and they often return to the bay without fishing any more for that day. The sharks which create all this alarm sometimes turn out to be nothing more than a sharp stone on which the divers happen to alight. As false alarms, excited in this manner, prove very injurious to the progress of the fishery, every means is employed to ascertain whether they are well or ill founded; and if the latter be the case, the authors of them are punished. These false alarms occurred more than once in the course of the last two or three seasons.

"The divers are paid differently, according to their private agreement with the boat-owners. They are paid either in money or with a proportion of the oysters caught, which they take the chance of opening on their own account; the latter is the method most commonly adopted. The agreements with the people who hire out the boats are conducted much in the same manner. They contract either to receive a certain sum for the use of their boats, or pay the chief farmer of the banks a certain sum for permission to fish on their own account. Some of those who pursue the latter plan are very successful and become rich; while others are great losers by the speculation. Oyster lotteries are carried on here to a great extent; they consist of purchasing a quantity of the oysters unopened, and run the chance of either finding or not finding pearls in them. The European officers and gentlemen who attend here upon duty, or through curiosity, are particularly fond of these lotteries, and very frequently make purchases of this sort.

"The boat-owners and merchants are very apt to lose many of the best pearls while the boats are on their return to the bay from the banks, as the oysters, when alive and left undisturbed, frequently open their shells of their own accord; a pearl may then be easily discovered, and the oyster prevented, by means of a bit of grass or soft wood, from again closing its shell, till an opportunity offers of picking out the pearl. Those fellows who are employed to search among the fish also commit many depredations, and even swallow the pearls to conceal them; when this is suspected, the plan followed by the merchants is, to lock the fellows up, and give them strong emetics and purgatives, which have frequently the effect of discovering the stolen goods.

"As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried, by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square places

cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them, to prevent the oysters from touching the earth; and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as at that time to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls; it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl, though commonly found in the shell, is not unfrequently contained in the body of the fish itself.

"The stench occasioned by the oysters being left to putrefy is intolerable, and remains for a long while after the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosphere for several miles round Condatchy, and renders the neighbourhood of that country extremely unpleasant till the monsoons and violent south-west winds set in and purify the air. The nauseous smell however is not able to overcome the hopes of gain; for months after the fishing season, numbers of people are to be seen earnestly searching and poring over the sands and places where the oysters had been laid to putrefy; and some of them are now and then fortunate enough to find a pearl that amply compensates their trouble in searching after them. In 1727, while Mr. Andrews was collector, a cooly, or common fellow of the lowest class, got, by accident, the finest pearl seen that season, and sold it to Mr. Andrews for a large sum.

"The pearls found at this fishery are of a whiter colour than those got in the gulph of Ormus, on the Arabian coast, but in other respects are not accounted so pure or of such an excellent quality; for though the white pearls are more esteemed in Europe, the natives prefer those of a yellowish or golden cast. Off Tutucoreen, which lies on the Coromandel coast, nearly opposite to Condatchy, there is another fishery, but the pearls found there are much inferior to those two species I have mentioned, being tainted with a blue or greyish tinge.

"In preparing the pearls, particularly in drilling and stringing them, the black people are wonderfully expert. I was very much struck with the instrument they employ in drilling, as well as the dexterity with which they use it. A machine made of wood, and of a shape resembling an obtuse inverted cone, about six inches in length and four in breadth, is supported upon three feet, each twelve inches long. In the upper flat surface of this machine, holes or pits are formed to receive the larger pearls, the smaller ones being beat in with a little wooden hammer. The drilling instruments are spindles of various sizes, according to that of the pearls; they are turned round in a wooden head by means of a bow handle to which they are attached. The pearls being placed in the pits which we have already mentioned, and the point of the spindle adjusted to them, the workman presses on the wooden head of the machine with his left hand, while his right is employed in turning round the bow handle. During the process of drilling, he occasionally moistens the pearl by dipping the little finger of his right hand in a cocoa-nut filled with water, which is placed by him for that purpose; this he does with a dexterity and quickness which scarcely impedes the operation, and can only be acquired by much practice.

"They have also a variety of other instruments, both for cutting and drilling the pearls. To clean, round, and polish them to that state in which we see them, a powder made of the pearls themselves is employed. These different operations in preparing the pearls occupy a great number of the black men in various parts of the island. In the black town, or pettah, of Columbo, in particular, many of them may every day be seen at this work, which is well worth the attention of any European who is not already acquainted with it." p. 73.

The account of the *ladies* is amusing.

"The conversation of women, which has tended so much to humanize the world, forms very little of a Ceylonese Dutchman's entertainment. Although the ladies make part of the company, yet they experience none of that attention and politeness to which the fair sex are accustomed in Europe. After the first salutations

are over, the men seem to forget that the ladies are at all present, and will sit a whole evening, talking politics, over their pipes, without once addressing the women or taking the least notice of them. Indeed they avoid as much as possible this dead weight on their social enjoyments, and therefore usually get into another room by themselves; or, if they have not an opportunity to do so, they club together at one end of the room, and leave the other to the ladies.

"When such is the treatment they experience from the men, it is not to be expected that the women can be very polished or skilled in the arts of pleasing. In the forenoons their dress is particularly slovenly. I have seen many, of a morning, with only a petticoat and a loose gown or jacket upon them, their hair rolled up in a knot on the crown of their heads, without either shoes or stockings on their feet; and yet these very women at their evening parties appear dressed out in abundance of finery. Their minds are still less cultivated than their bodies, and they are nearly as ignorant on their wedding-day as in their infancy. Those charms of polite conversation, and that knowledge of useful subjects which render the society of our fair countrywomen at once so delightful and improving, are utterly unknown among the ladies of Ceylon. Their education indeed is such, that accomplishments of any description are not to be expected among them. From their infancy they are entirely given up to the management of the female slaves, from whom they imbibe manners, habits, and superstitious notions, of which they can never afterwards divest themselves. Under this tuition they continue till they get married; and even in this new state, from the description I have already given of the men, it will not be expected that they should make any considerable improvements. As they find such a cold reception among the men, they are glad to return to the attentions and obeisance paid them in the society of their slaves, to which they have been most accustomed. Their morals, being derived from the same source, are equally destitute of dignity or virtue as their manners are of politeness. They usually converse in that barbarous Portugueze which is reckoned extremely vulgar and only fit for slaves. They seldom or ever speak before an Englishman in any other dialect, but look upon Dutch as rather calculated for men, and too harsh for the mouth of a lady.

"Although the men would not appear very amiable in the eyes of our British ladies, yet their Dutch wives look upon them with the greatest veneration and affection. Conscious of their own defects, and always kept at a great distance by their husbands, they look upon their caresses as a high honour, and are therefore extremely jealous of their favours. And yet their own manners after marriage are the worst calculated possible to conciliate the attachment of their husbands; indeed, in men of any delicacy, they could only produce aversion and disgust. The Dutch ladies, while young and unmarried, dress well and are tolerable in their persons, and many among them pretty and even handsome; but, afterwards, they contract such lazy and indolent habits, that they become coarse, corpulent, and dirty in their persons; and their dress during the day is slovenly and negligent to excess.

"In this climate, and with these habits of life, it would be in vain to look for the bloom of health and the European red and white in the cheeks of the women; their complexions are, for the most part, of a pale, deadly white, although there are some exceptions to the observation, and a few female countenances to be found that might be accounted handsome even in the opinion of an European. Those women who have a mixture of the native blood are easily distinguished by a tinge in the colour of the skin, and their strong thick black hair; marks which are not to be removed in the course of many generations. The women of this mixed race, of whom there are a great number in all the Dutch settlements, sooner begin to look old than those who are wholly of European extraction. The Dutch ladies have a custom of cracking their joints, and rubbing them over with oil, which renders them uncommonly supple.

"Dancing is the principal amusement of the younger women, while

the chief pleasure of the married and elderly ladies consists in paying formal and ceremonious visits to each other. To these visits they go attended by a number of slave girls, dressed out for the occasion. These girls walk after them, carrying their betel-boxes, or are employed in bearing umbrellas over the heads of their mistresses, who seldom wear any head-dress, but have their hair combed closely back and shining with oil. Their chief finery consists in these female attendants, and their splendour is estimated by the number of them which they can afford to keep. These slaves are the comeliest girls that can be procured, and their mistresses, in general, behave very kindly to them. With that caprice, however, which always attends power in the hands of the ignorant and narrow-minded, the Dutch ladies frequently behave in a very cruel and unjust manner to their female attendants, upon very trifling occasions, and, in particular, on the slightest suspicion of jealousy.

"The unmarried ladies usually pay considerable attention to their dress; and, since the conquest of the island by our forces, have greatly improved their appearance by adopting the English fashions. On my first arrival in the island, they dressed in the Dutch manner, with long waists and stiff high stays, which to me appeared very grotesque and awkward. The dress worn by many of them, which is a mixture of the European and native fashions, is light and pretty. It consists of a piece of fine cotton cloth, wrapped round the body and fastened under the arms, which forms the under dress. Above it is worn a jacket of fine muslin or calico, and a petticoat of the same. Over the whole is thrown the *kabey*, or muslin robe, with sleeves fitted close to the arms, and reaching down to the wrist, with five or six buttons of gold, silver, or precious stones. A long or short *kabey* is used according to fancy." p. 142.

The other important article of commerce, beside the pearl fishery, is *Cinnamon*, which is indeed termed the staple commodity of the island.

"As this spice constitutes the wealth of Ceylon, great pains are taken to ascertain its quality, and to propagate the choicest kinds. The prime sort, and that which grows in the gardens around Columbo, is procured from the *laurus cinnamonum*. This is a tree of a small size, from four to ten feet in height; the trunk is slender, and like several of our shrubs, a number of branches and twigs shoot out from it on every side. The wood is soft, light and porous, in appearance much resembling that of our osier; and, when barked, it is chiefly fit for fuel, to which use it is commonly converted. It is however sometimes sawed into planks, and manufactured into caddies and other pieces of furniture; but its scent does not secure it from the attacks of the worms. A vast number of roots and fibres run out from the root of the tree, and, shooting up into slender twigs, form a bush around it.

"The leaf a good deal resembles that of the laurel in shape, but it is not of so deep a green. It has three fibres, running lengthwise, but no cross or intersecting fibres, like most other leaves. At its first appearance the leaf is of a scarlet red, but after some time it changes gradually to a green. When chewed, it has the hot taste and smell of cloves.

"The blossom is white, and, when in full blow, seems to cover the woods. It is probably from the great distance at which an object of this colour is seen, that voyagers have been led to affirm, that the cinnamon may be smelt far at sea off the island. This assertion is, in fact, a mere fiction, as even in passing through the woods I never could perceive any scent from the tree, except by pulling off some of the leaves or branches. The flower has even less scent than the leaves or a bit of twig.

"The cinnamon tree produces a species of fruit resembling an acorn, but not so large, which gets ripe about the latter end of autumn, and is gathered by the natives for the purpose of extracting oil from it. The process they employ is, to bruise the fruit, boil it, and skim off the oil: this they use for their hair and body, on great occasions, and also for burning in their lamps. When mixed with cocoa-nut oil, it gives extremely good light. The kings of Candy use it for this purpose, and formerly commanded their subjects to bring them a certain quantity as a yearly tribute.

When any ambassadors are sent to these princes, they always burn this oil during the time of audience.

"When the tree gets old and decayed, and most of the branches fit for barking have been stripped off, it is customary to set fire to it, and burn it down to the ground; the roots are seen to shoot up again in long straight plants, much better formed than the preceding ones. From these are cut the highly esteemed cinnamon walking sticks, which, when fresh, are of a lively green, resembling holly, but after some time the bark becomes shrivelled, and they have very much the appearance of hazle-sticks. They still however retain the taste and smell of cinnamon. The bark of these shoots is extremely valuable, and the practice of cutting them when young for sticks, has been found to prove so materially injurious, that it has been totally prohibited since the island came into our possession.

"There are several different species of cinnamon trees on the island; at least trees which in appearance resemble them. Four sorts however are alone barked, and all these are species of the plant I have all along been describing, the *laurus cinnamonum*. Cinnamon is known among the natives by the name of *curundu*, and it is by various epithets joined to this appellation that the several kinds are distinguished. The *rasse curundu*, or honey-cinnamon, is distinguished by its large, broad, thick leaves, and is accounted to have the finest flavour. The *nai curundu*, or snake cinnamon, has also large leaves, and is not greatly inferior in quality to the former. The *capuru curundu*, or camphor cinnamon, is an inferior species; its root yields camphor by distillation, or, if an incision be made in it, a gummy substance containing camphor distills of itself from the wound. The *cabatté curundu* is an astringent species of cinnamon, harsh to the taste, with rather smaller leaves than the former sorts. These four are the only species of cinnamon-tree which produces this spice of a good quality, or indeed which are ever allowed to be barked by the servants of government. There are some other varieties, which are easily distinguishable. The *saevel curundu* has its bark of a soft, fibrous texture, neither so compact nor so firm as those already mentioned, but easily bending without breaking; when chewed, it leaves a slimy mucus in the mouth. The *dawul curundu*, or flat cinnamon, receives its name from the bark, on being dried, not rolling itself together, but remaining flat. The *nica curundu* is distinguished by its long narrow leaves. These are the only species which, even from appearance, run any risk of being confounded with the proper cinnamon.

"Till this island was possessed by the Dutch, cinnamon grew entirely in the wild state; it was even believed, by Europeans as well as natives, that it was in this state alone it was to be found in perfection, and that upon being planted it never failed to degenerate. The propagation of the tree in the wild state is attributed to the birds, who swallow the berries, but the kernels, not dissolving in their stomachs, are thrown out, and thus dispersed up and down wherever the birds chance to fly. During the course of the last century, however, experience has shown that the cultivated cinnamon is every way equal to the wild. The Dutch governor, Falk, first attempted to rear cinnamon-trees by art, in his garden at Pass, near Columbo, and soon raised in that spot a plantation of several thousands, which yielded cinnamon of the first quality. After this, he employed the same means to extend the cinnamon-gardens around Columbo, and reduce them more into regular form. These useful labours have rendered his memory highly esteemed, and he is still remembered on the island as one who preferred the public benefit to his own private interest, the only character fit to preside over a colony. His successors however did not follow his example; cutting and collecting the cinnamon seemed to be their only care, and they were at little trouble and expence either to increase or continue the supply. The woods were therefore found by us in a neglected and exhausted state; but we were fortunate enough, on taking Columbo, to find stored up there a vast quantity of cinnamon, which they had not had an opportunity to send off to Europe. The strictest attention is now paid to the cinnamon gardens by governor North. Since his arrival, they have been much improved and

enclosed with a broad embankment. He has also caused a new road to be made through them, in a different direction from the circular one I have already described, but equally excellent and pleasant.

"The plantations, besides yielding cinnamon of an equal quality with that found in the wild state, are infinitely more commodious, from the trees being regularly placed in rows, instead of the people employed in barking being obliged to creep through intricate and pathless woods in search of it.

"There are two different seasons in which cinnamon is barked. The greater quantity is prepared during what is called the *grand harvest*, which lasts from April to August. The *little harvest* continues for little more than a month, from November to January. The barking is however by no means restricted to these particular seasons; I have observed bark brought in every month of the year.

"Each particular district, where the cinnamon grows, is bound to furnish yearly a certain quantity of cinnamon, proportioned to the number of the villages and inhabitants which it contains. The Cinglese, in return for this service, have each a piece of land allotted them, rent free. They are also exempted from other government services, and enjoy other privileges in proportion to the quantity which they deliver.

"Those who are employed to bark the trees are called *schjalias* by the Dutch, and by us, *cholias*. Over them are placed officers of a superior class, whose business it is to superintend the workmen, to take charge of the woods, and to prevent cattle and improper persons from trespassing there. Besides these, there is a set of officers of a higher cast, called *cinnamon modeliers*, whose business it is to judge and punish all small offences, and to superintend the different districts and villages where the cholias reside. Over the whole a head officer is placed, usually known by the Portugueze name of captain *Cannaille*, which means captain Cinnamon. He is styled by the natives, *Corundu Mahabadda*, or chief of cinnamon. The chief modelier receives all the reports concerning the woods, and the cinnamon affairs in general, from the inferior officers, and transmits them to the captain, who is accountable only to the governor.

"Under the government of the Dutch, the *cholias* enjoyed very extensive privileges, and were accounted amenable only to their own modeliers. From hence they thought themselves entitled to resist the authority of our military officers. In the district of Caltura, where lieutenant Macdonald commanded, they absolutely refused to acknowledge his authority, and, a party of them one day crossing the Caltura river, almost under the commandant's windows, they shewed their disrespect by maltreating the natives who ferried them over, and throwing several headlong out of the boats into the river, to the imminent danger of their lives. Mr. Macdonald, having investigated the circumstance, ordered the offenders to be tied up and flogged, the ordinary punishment in such cases. At the same time he reported what he had done to governor North, and represented to him the necessity there was of punishing such contempt of subordination. The cholias, on their part, complained to the governor of this encroachment on their privileges, and insisted that they were amenable only to their own chiefs. Governor North, however, was well convinced that the admission of this plea would only pave the way to greater excesses, and that it was impossible to suffer an independent jurisdiction to exist in the heart of his government. He therefore gave his approbation to what Mr. Macdonald had done, and, from this decision, the cholias must now consider themselves as subject to the same jurisdiction with the rest of the natives.

"The process of preparing the cinnamon for exportation is conducted as follows. It is the first care of the cholias to find out a tree of the best quality. This their sagacity and practice easily enables them to do from the leaves and other marks. Such branches as are three years old, and appear proper for the purpose, are then lopped off with a large crooked pruning knife. From these branches the outside thin coat of the bark is scraped off with a knife of a peculiar shape, concave on the one side and convex on the other. With the point

of this knife the bark is ripped up longwise, and the convex side is then employed in gradually loosening it from the branch till it can be taken off entire. In this state the bark appears in the form of tubes open at one side, the smaller of which are inserted into the larger, and thus spread out to dry. The heat of the sun, by quickly drying up the moisture, makes the tubes contract still closer, till they at last attain the form in which we see them in Europe. When sufficiently dry, the bark is made into bundles of about thirty pounds weight each, and bound up with pieces of split bamboo twigs. These bundles are carried by the cholials to the cinnamon *go-downs*, or storehouses, belonging to the company. As they are brought in, each bundle is marked and weighed, and placed in the heap of the particular district or village to which those who brought it belong, each heap being kept separate till the quantity expected from the district be made up. The several processes required in cutting and barking the cinnamon are parcelled out among several classes of cholials, who are employed only to perform their own particular branches; by this subdivision of labour, the service becomes much easier to them and much more profitable to their employers.

"The next step, after the cinnamon has been carried into the company's storehouses, is to examine its quality. This task is imposed upon the company's surgeons, and a very disagreeable one it proves to be. It is performed by taking a few sticks out of each bundle, and chewing them successively, as the taste is the only sure method of ascertaining the quality. The cinnamon, by the repetition of this operation, excoriates the tongue and the inside of the mouth, and causes such intolerable pain, as renders it impossible for them to continue the process above two or three days successively. The surgeons are however obliged in their turns to resume it, as they are responsible for the goodness of the cinnamon: it is customary for them to mitigate the pain by eating a piece of bread and butter between whiles.

"The best cinnamon is rather pliable, and ought not much to exceed stout writing paper in thickness. It is of a light yellowish colour; it possesses a sweet taste, not so hot as to occasion pain, and not succeeded by any after-taste. The inferior kind is distinguished by being thicker, of a darker and brownish colour, hot and pungent when chewed, and succeeded by a disagreeable bitter after-taste.

"After the quality of the cinnamon has been by this means ascertained, it is made up into large bundles, each about four feet long, and all of the same weight. The weight of each bundle is, at the time of packing up, eighty-five pounds, although it is marked and reckoned for only eighty pounds, five pounds being allowed for the loss by drying during the voyage. The bundles are firmly bound, and packed up in coarse cloths made of strong hemp or from the cocoa-tree, and are then carried on board the ships which touch at Ceylon for that purpose. In stowing the bales, black pepper is sprinkled among them, so as to fill up all the interstices, and by this means not only is the cinnamon preserved, but both spices improved, as the pepper, being of a hot and dry quality, attracts to itself the moisture of the cinnamon. As the island of Ceylon does not produce within itself a sufficient quantity of pepper for this purpose, the ships, which come to carry the cinnamon to Europe, bring along with them a sufficient quantity from the other parts of India, and particularly from the Malabar coast.

"After that part of the cinnamon which is fit for exportation has been sent off to Europe, the very refuse of this valuable spice is capable of being converted to use. The fragments and small pieces which happen to be broken off in packing up the bales are collected, and put into large tubs, about a hundred weight into each, with just as much water as is sufficient to cover them completely. This mass is left for six or seven days to macerate, and is afterwards poured, by little and little, into a copper alembic, to which a slow fire is applied. The water which comes over, called *aqua cinnamoni*, is received in glass vessels of a peculiar construction; it is nearly of the colour of milk, and the oil floats at the top of the glass recipient. The process is slowly and cautiously

conducted, one tub being usually distilled off in twenty-four hours. Two commissaries (who were members of the council of justice in the time of the Dutch) are appointed to superintend the whole of this process; and one of them is always required to be present to prevent the apothecary, who conducts the distillation, from embezzling any of the oil. After remaining for some time in the recipient, the oil is carefully skimmed off under the eye of the commissaries, and put into large bottles, which are sealed with the government seal, and brought to the governor, by whom they are placed in a chest secured in the same manner. The reason of all these precautions is ,the great scarcity and value of this oil. It is only made at the company's laboratory at Columbo, and the quantity is much less than can be procured from an equal weight of any other spice. The jealousy of the Dutch has prevented the exact quantity procured from the hundred weight from being ever accurately ascertained. The usual price on the spot was usually three fourths of a Dutch ducat; but of late years little has been to be procured at any price. I saw a pint bottle of it set up for sale among the effects of the late Dutch governor, Van Anglebeck; but the upset price, which was upwards of ten pounds sterling, deterred any one from becoming the purchaser. Cinnamon-oil is esteemed an excellent remedy for spasms in the stomach. That extracted from the finer sorts of cinnamon is of a beautiful gold colour, while that from the coarser bark is darker and brownish.

"The process for obtaining the oil of cinnamon, which I have at present described, is that which was put in practice by the Dutch. The manufacture has not been carried on since the island came into our possession, and indeed it never can be resumed with much advantage or to any considerable extent. The small quantity of oil which the finer cinnamon yields, however valuable, does not fetch a price equal to what the cinnamon itself brings on being exported to Europe; and the oil from the coarser kinds is of a very inferior quality." p. 349.

XXXVI. ON THE STATE OF EUROPE *before and after the French Revolution, being an Answer to the work entitled De l'Etat de la France à la Fin de l' An VIII. By* FREDERICK GENTZ, *Counsellor at War to his Prussian Majesty, &c. &c. Translated from the German by* JOHN CHARLES HERRIES, *Esq. Second Edition,* 8vo. 400 *pages.* 8*s.* boards. HATCHARD.

OF this spirited political Publication it may be remarked that it is so *connected*, that extracts can be with difficulty made from it, however we add the following by way of specimen.

"The Author of the *Etat de la France* has laid down five conditions, which, in his opinion, are the first steps necessary for the deliverance of all nations from the hated superiority of Great Britain. By attending to the principles above explained, we shall be able to judge with some confidence, how far the measures proposed are, in themselves, desirable, or adapted to their object. He conceives it to be necessary,

"1st. 'That the war be terminated.

"2dly, 'That the commercial relations of the European powers be regulated by better treaties.

"3rdly, 'That a better system be founded on the treaties, that shall hereafter define their several rights and obligations.

"4thly, 'That the interior administration of every state be regulated by wiser maxims, and upon better principles.

"5thly, 'That governments, always attentive to the progress and revolutions of general commerce, should proceed accordingly in the improvement of their political relations.

"These rules of reform are not laid down with uncommon perspicuity or precision; but it is nevertheless easy to guess their meaning and tendency.

"With respect to the restoration of peace, it is certain beyond all doubt, that a true peace, that is, a secure and permanent one, if under the present

circumstances it could be attained, would essentially ameliorate the condition of every nation. But should this so much desired peace lead to the diminution of England's commercial superiority, or, as it is so often called, to the deliverance of Europe from the yoke of Britain's tyranny; should such be the specific object of the new system of political and commercial relations to be established by it; then its effects must either be prejudicial to England alone, and advantageous to the rest of Europe only, or must at least be beneficial to England in a less degree than to other countries. I know very well that it is the general opinion that the present war has been a source of the greatest advantages to England; that it is almost necessary to her existence, and that the moment of its termination will bring with it the inevitable fall of her commercial greatness. But, however general this opinion may be, it is a gross and unpardonable error. I shall have an opportunity in a succeeding chapter, of exposing its whole weakness; at present I will only assert, as an incontrovertible truth, which I mean to prove hereafter, that England (excepting all unforeseen misfortunes), far from being lowered by the peace, must, in the most essential respects, be a greater gainer by it than any other nation. The re-establishment of peace will therefore either make no alteration in the commercial relations between England and the rest of Europe, or certainly not such as this author, who so passionately inveighs against them, has promised to himself and the world.

"An amendment of the interior administration of every state, a wise and liberal legislation, an increased attention to the interests of commerce and industry, and a studious improve- of the true sources of the wealth of nations: these are proposals of reform in the domestic system of Europe, which undoubtedly deserve the approbation of every reflecting mind, and of every friend to humanity. Blessed be the government that adopts them in their whole extent! Honour and praise to every writer whose energetic eloquence can rouse from their lethargic indifference, those who have hitherto neglected or refused to follow them! With such weapons, but with such only, may Europe combat Great Britain! The result of the contest, however, will not satisfy the detestable desires of envy; nor the foolish and perverse expectations of an ignorant mercantile policy—a self-tormenting thirst for unattainable enjoyments. The rise of other nations to greater perfection would not destroy the commercial superiority of England. Every country would then feel its peculiar advantages: each would display its powers by an independent, unrestrained, and beneficial activity, in the order, manner, and degree prescribed by its nature and situation. The greatness and power of each would rest upon its own strength, and upon the strength and prosperity of the whole. But the general rise of Europe would not occasion the fall of England. It would then scarcely be conceived by enlightened men, how it could ever have been thought that the riches or poverty of one nation, could be founded upon the poverty or riches of another.

"Had the Author of the *Etat de la France* confined himself to such proposals, there would have been no reason to doubt the justness, the purity, the benevolence of his views. But adhering to his false premises, he has mixed these proposals with others more doubtful and equivocal. 'The commercial connexions of nations are to be founded upon better regulation;' 'Their rights and obligations are to be defined by better treaties.' Wherein these better treaties and wiser combinations are to consist, remains totally unexplained; but the secret aim and true character of his proposals are betrayed, not only by numerous expressions in various parts of his work, and the general tendency of his politics, but by his explanation of what he himself calls the most important article, which is an undefined recommendation of a new political system of commercial relations. He thinks nothing more is requisite than a 'single ray of light, to show to a few princes and their ministers, the real causes of their political and commercial dependence, and the true principle of their deliverance;' and he adds, 'The present state of things might be immediately changed by the energy of one great power, and that power is FRANCE.'

"From these declarations, it is evident he did not expect the improvement of European industry, the deliverance of commerce, the prosperity and independence of all nations, either entirely or principally from the reformation of interior administrations, the freedom of trade, the improvement of domestic polity, or the wisdom of governments. Such truly beneficial causes operate slowly, and in regular progression. The mere resolution of a few princes, or the energy of a single power, may instantly alter the course of things, and change the nature of all relations. It is evident that he looks to simple, bold, and decisive political measures, for what he calls the deliverance of Europe; and that he seeks to exalt France, and Europe eventually with France, by weakening or destroying the foundation of Britain's greatness, by means of certain combinations, which he conceals for the present, though they are easily discovered. His favourite object therefore is, the immediate degradation of England; which according to the principles above explained, is sufficient to warrant his condemnation." 356.

XXXVII. RURAL PHILOSOPHY: *or Reflections on Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness; chiefly in reference to a Life of Retirement in the country. By* ELY BATES, *Esq.* 8vo, 7*s. boards. Longman and Rees.*

THIS volume is divided into four parts. 1st. Reflections on Knowledge. 2nd. Reflections on Virtue. 3rd. Reflections on Happiness. And 4th. An Objection to a Life of Retirement answered, namely, that it destroys or diminishes usefulness. The work which is designed to counteract some pernicious principles in Zimmerman on solitude, is classed in a manner which bears a reference to the whole of its contents, we therefore transcribe it.

"Of the different situations at any time presented to our choice, we ought to fix upon *that*, which, after the maturest deliberation, shall appear to be most favourable to our moral and religious improvement; as by such an option we are most likely to be made happy ourselves, and useful to others.

"The proper destiny of man, is to be happy; and as true virtue and happiness, in the divine decree, are ultimately inseparable, our benign Creator has commanded us to secure the former in order to our attainment of the latter; he hath said, Obey my will, both as it is partly revealed to you in nature, and more fully in the gospel, and you may expect to enjoy assured blessedness in heaven, and generally to pass your days with comfort upon earth.

"To be happy in this world is naturally every man's object; and while it is pursued according to laws of religion, and consequently in a due subordination to the happiness of the world to come, (which undoubtedly should be our chief end,) there is nothing in it which is not perfectly allowable. If we seek first the *kingdom of God*, we are permitted, in the second place, to seek a moderate share in the good things of this life. The evil is, and it is an evil which every serious moralist has lamented, that the present world commonly engages our first and principal care, while our interest in the next is only a matter of secondary consideration, or is impiously abandoned to chance or fate; and there is cause to fear that multitudes, by this preposterous conduct, forfeit their part in both.

"To enjoy both worlds is exclusively the privilege of true virtue. Every thing else is only profitable *in part* and *for a season*; but virtue, which, in the sense here intended, is never separate from piety, is of universal and perpetual use. 'It is,' as the Roman orator eloquently speaks, though with less propriety, on the subject of human learning, 'the nourishment of youth and the solace of age; an ornament to prosperity, and a refuge to adversity; our delight at home, and no impediment abroad; talks with us by night, attends us in our travels, nor forsakes us in our retirements.'* It sheds a lustre on all places and situations, and is in itself a source of joy pure and constant, and which often flows most copiously when every other is spent and exhausted: or, in the more brief and comprehensive language of

* Cic. pro Archiâ poetâ.

an apostle, *it is profitable to all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.**

"He who is properly convinced of this, will never dream of happiness without a primary regard to morals; he will not say, as the multitude has always said, *Give me riches first, and virtue afterwards*; he will seek it in the first place, and estimate the various conditions of human life only as they afford means and instruments for its acquisition and advancement.

"Every just survey of men and their pursuits will come in aid of this principle. It will teach us that, however enviable the successes of the votaries of fortune or pleasure may appear, they are generally accompanied with inward anguish and bitter disappointment, and at the best never yield a pure and heart-felt satisfaction. The ancient burden of the world's most triumphant song is still the same, *All is vanity and vexation of spirit.*

"Let it then, in every deliberation upon the choice of life, be established as an undoubted maxim, that virtue is the only road to true happiness, and that it would be every man's wisdom to take this road, though his object was no more than present enjoyment; and that neither the pomp of greatness, the splendour of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, ought to draw his regard for a moment, when they come in competition with the humblest station which supplies more efficacious helps to his moral improvement.

"Secondly: In the choice of life every one ought to prefer that condition which is most favourable to virtue, as the surest way to be useful to others, as well as to be happy himself. The better any man is, the more he is likely to improve his circumstances, whatever they may be, to the benefit of others; and the more his circumstances supply him with moral and religious advantages, the more he is likely to become a better man. Hence we may infer, that the most certain way to be useful, is to pitch upon that condition, which, among those presented to our choice, is best adapted to further our moral progress.

"If to lessen the connexion betwixt virtue and utility, it should be objected, that men by no means correct in their manners, and neither endowed with superior talents, nor placed in more advantageous circumstances, often appear to exceed in usefulness others much better than themselves; let it be considered, that this is generally little more than appearance; and that whatever such men may add to the stock of worldly enjoyments, they seldom contribute any thing to the interest of virtue or virtuous happiness, which are the only objects of a certain and durable value; and that what occasionally they may thus contribute is commonly more than balanced by the contagion of their example. Indeed, it is fairly questionable, whether on the whole, every bad man is not a public evil; at least, whenever it is otherwise, it is an exception to the general rule, and must be ascribed to an extraordinary dispensation of that providence, which can over-rule even the sins of men to the accomplishment of its own purposes.

"But though the connexion, as above stated, between virtue and utility, cannot reasonably be disputed, it must be acknowledged that the latter may easily be pretended, and what is more, may seriously be designed and prosecuted, to the injury of the former. The plea of usefulness may be no better than a convenient cloak to an interested and ambitious spirit, under which it conceals itself in order to the attainment of its own ends; and even to a virtuous mind, unless well acquainted with itself, and endued with much prudent circumspection, it is a plea that will often prove delusive. A good man naturally desires to do good, and is apt to imagine, that, were he in possession of greater power and wealth, his usefulness would in proportion be more extended. The poor, he is ready to suppose, would find in him a more liberal benefactor, and the deserving a more generous patron; and hence he is led to engage in situations to which his virtue is not always equal. By such a conduct it is probable, according to the principle we have established, that both his usefulness and virtue will decline together. The illusion in this case arises from a supposition, that the mind will remain unaltered with a change of circumstances, and that, as the means of usefulness are increased, the disposition to improve them will not be di-

* 1 Tim. iv. 8.

minished; a supposition which is crossed by every day's experience. The least observation upon ourselves or others may convince us, that the usual tendency of prosperity is to generate pride and self-indulgence, which seldom fail to harden the heart against every humane and generous impression, and so render it alike insensible to the cries of distress, and to the claims of humble merit. A wise man will therefore stand upon his guard against so plausible a deception, and be careful never to extend his sphere of service beyond the force of his moral principle.

"Besides we are but ill judges of what will conduce to the real advantage either of societies or individuals, which makes it dangerous to proceed upon mere speculations of utility. The entire operation of any measure we can take, depends upon an infinity of relations and connexions which escape our notice, and exceed our understandings; and therefore it behoves us to keep strictly to the rule of duty, and leave the rest to Him, who, comprehending all the various concatenations of things, knows both the immediate and remote consequences of our actions. To which may be added, that we are very apt to mistake, in supposing that no service is done without a degree of outward exertion, whereas the silent influence of a good man may be of the greatest benefit; his benevolence, his modesty, his temperate use of the world, and the equal tenor of an unambitious life, may carry into the minds of those around him, an impression of the due value of the object of men's ordinary pursuits, and nothing here below deserves much bustle or contention.

"We therefore conclude it to be an undoubted rule in the choice of life, to prefer that condition, whatever it be, which is most favourable to our moral improvement; and by this rule we shall regulate our remaining observations.

"I. The bulk of mankind may be considered as made up of two great divisions, the one naturally qualified for a public, the other for a private station. Those of a robust frame, a cool disposition, and a plodding diligence, are fitted for the former; while persons of a delicate texture, a quick sensibility, and precipitate temper, are marked out for the latter. That hurry of business, which in the one case would only serve to collect the spirits and invigorate the faculties, would, in the other, produce nothing but debility and irritation. Hence, an enlightened virtue, which, in whatever relates to the present world, is in favour of mediocrity, and condemns alike a state of languid indolence and of violent agitation, will, if consulted, prescribe a life of business to those, who, from a phlegmatic constitution of body or mind, require a constant external impulse to keep them moderately employed; while to others of a more prompt and susceptible temper, and who need rather the bridle than the spur, she will recommend more retired scenes and calmer occupations.

"When a person of feeble health and irritable nerves is engaged in public life, it is often no less a misfortune to others than to himself. Unable to sustain the pressure of business, or to contend with the injustice which seldom fails to mingle itself with human transactions, his temper becomes soured, his purposes irresolute, he looks with suspicion on every thing around him, and perhaps is tempted at length to have recourse to those arts which he is apt to imagine are practised against himself. From such effects of a situation to which he is unequal, we are led either to condemn the indiscretion of his choice, or to lament the exigency of his circumstances. Nor ought our censure or regret to be less excited, when we see others stagnate in still life, whose firm and steady complexional character, if called forth on the public stage, would display itself in a virtuous and useful course of action.

"This natural vocation, if I may so term it, to a public or private life, is in some instances marked with more decision. In the great mass of humanity there are spirits of a distinguished order, conscious of their own superior powers, and of their designation to peculiar service. There are men who seem originally formed to take the lead in the business of the world; those, I mean, who by a natural ascendancy of character are qualified to command others, or by the gentler influence of persuasion to incline them to their purpose; and who feel

it their duty to exert these powers for the common good. When therefore such men, out of a fond indulgence to their ease or their speculations, shrink from public service, they are neither true to themselves nor to others, and are guilty of a manifest violation both of the law of virtue and utility. On the contrary, there are some whose spirits are more finely touched, and whom nature has strongly marked out for a literary and contemplative life, and who themselves are conscious of her designation; and whenever men of this character, false to the secret sense of their own minds, engage in occupations for which they are originally disqualified, the event, as might be expected, generally corresponds with the folly of their choice. 'My leading error,' says Lord Bacon, in a letter to Sir Thomas Bodley, 'has been, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind.' Thus was this eminent genius, who was born for the advancement of learning and religion, lured away from his natural situation by a meteor of political ambition, to the probable injury of posterity, and certainly to his own dishonour. And of late we have seen a man of no ordinary talents, and who in the shade of retirement might have done good service to the cause of literature and morals, sadly fret away his hour of life on the bustling stage of politics.

"II. Between a public and a retired condition there is a third, which partakes of both, and which to the greater part of mankind, is preferable to either. This intermediate state has a considerable latitude, and requires to be varied according to the particular case in question.

"The great practical point is to find a due medium, or so to combine society and solitude that each may prepare for the other, and both concur to our moral improvement. This medium is chiefly to be sought in the particular character of every individual.

"And here again the corporeal part of our frame may afford us an instructive lesson of life and conduct. The body, we all know, requires a different treatment, according to the variety of its temperament. To persons of a vigorous constitution we see that scarce any food is injurious, or any weather unseasonable; they can sit down to a feast, or go out in a storm, without danger of catching a cold or a surfeit; while those who are of a sickly habit must be content with more frugal meals, and not stir abroad but in fair weather. And thus men of confirmed virtue may engage in employments, and mix in societies, which would prove noxious or fatal to those of less established principles.

"Let no one, however, so far presume upon his virtue, whatever it may be, as to venture into the worldbeyond his vocation; *she has cast down many wounded, and slain many strong men*; her cruelties have destroyed many, and her flatteries more. No one, therefore, whose virtue is guided by prudence, will ever wantonly expose himself to the assaults of so formidable an enemy, but will rather use every lawful method to shun the encounter; and it will be only when this cannot be avoided without a sacrifice of duty, that he will resolve to meet the danger, and then to meet it with firmness. The same lips which said, *whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father in heaven*, has also pronounced, *when they persecute you in one city, flee into another*; and the necessity of a modest precaution is often much stronger in respect to the pleasurable temptations of life; so that, on the whole, when we duly weigh our own frailty, and the general corrupt state of the world, and, on these accounts, the great difficulty to observe a proper medium in our secular intercourse, it may appear most adviseable, if we must err, to err on the part of abstraction; as in relation to the health of the body it is commonly safest to lean on the side of abstinence.

"There is a further remark, under this idea of a prudential balance, which I would here suggest, namely, that by opposing the contending evils of a situation, as factions in a state, to one another, their force may sometimes be broken. Nor is this policy in all cases to be rejected; the feeble may find it necessary, and those who are stronger may be glad, at certain seasons, when the world bears hard

upon them, to employ every honest device that may help to confound its counsels, and to weaken its efforts. At the same time, let it be remembered that a Christian is called to act upon higher and more efficacious principles;—to repel every temptation, and to surmonnt every difficulty, by the power of a divine faith; to manifest a superiority of mind to all conditions, and to regulate every step he takes in his journey through life by the rule of scripture, in conjunction with the intimations of providence as discoverable in his present circumstances.

"In some cases, indeed, the single impulse of nature may afford him a sufficient direction; in others, much previous deliberation is necessary. A man, for instance, who is exhausted merely by a hurry of business, naturally withdraws to his country-house, or to some other place of quiet, till he has recovered his former vigour; but when the question respects his total seclusion from the world, or whether he shall finally renounce the bustle of life to pass the remainder of his days in a country retreat, the decision may be found extremely difficult; especially if his passions, by long indulgence, are grown wanton and unruly. In such a situation, whichever way he determines, whether to stand his ground or to retire, his danger is great and imminent. Should he resolve upon the latter, his safest course may be to proceed leisurely, and to endeavour, by contracting his affairs, or devolving as much as possible the care of them upon others, gradually to diminish their influence, and so to prepare himself for the change he meditates. The general who has to make good his retreat with a mutinous army, and in the face of a superior enemy, had need to use all his circumspection.

"To withdraw gracefully from the public stage, and by securing a season of virtuous repose after a life of action, to place a kind of sacred interval between this world and the next, is a piece of practical wisdom which I fear is in few hands: for though it is by no means unusual for men, who have acquired a fortune in business, or are grown weary of the world, to exchange the town for the country, they seldom do it with that prudent forecast as to provide themselves with those principles of knowledge and piety, without which a life of retirement, notwithstanding all their temporal resources, will be likely to prove both unprofitable and comfortless. We cannot therefore be surprised, if, after they have vainly endeavoured to please themselves with rural labours and amusements, we see them frequently turn back into the world, resume the business they seemed to have relinquised, and at last die in the harness.

"III. Further: The right choice of life is a subject which ought to be well studied by those parents who, in the disposal of their children are not confined within the limits of a particular profession or rank in society; for in this case, as there would be little room for choice, it would be of little use to examine strictly the reasons upon which it ought to be formed. Accordingly, among the lower orders of the community, where peasants and artizans, from father to son, succeed to their several employments by a kind of natural inheritance, such an enquiry would be in a manner superfluous.

"But where there is a latitude of choice, which is the case in the middle and upper ranks of life, it is of great consequence how parents use their discretionary power; since the present and future welfare of their offspring, together with the general order and happiness of society, so much depend upon it.

"Their first object should be, (for the business of education is here presupposed,) after they have considered the probable influence of the several stations within their option, upon the youth they are about to dispose of, to place him in *that* which shall be judged the most secure to his virtue, and the most favourable to his religious improvement.

"When two or more situations appear equal in this respect, a chief regard is then due to natural genius; for though a young man of ordinary capacity may, by dint of application, become respectable in almost any profession, he will only excel in *that* to which his faculties are originally adapted, and to which he is carried by a natural impetus. Some indeed have asserted, that genius is no more

than the general power of the mind accidentally determined to a particular object; which is a paradox, though supported by great names, not easily to be admitted. To suppose that Homer, if lines and figures had first caught his attention, would have been as profound a mathematician as Newton, or that Newton, if a copy of verses had originally fired his fancy, would have rivalled Homer in poetry, seems to be no more probable than that he, whose athletic constitution of body makes him an able porter, would, if he had taken another turn, have proved an excellent tumbler or rope-dancer.

"If therefore it is true, that every individual is marked out by nature for some arts and professions in preference to others, it will not then, I think, be disputed, that this *aptitude*, or, if any like the term better, this *capacity*, in the circumstances now stated, and when directed to objects which contribute to the benefit of human life, ought generally to be cherished; and that it ought never to be rudely discouraged, even though in some instances it should lead an ingenious youth to a place in society which might seem beneath his birth or expectations.

"Should the capacity of a youth be such as eminently to entitle him to the character of a genius, it may be more difficult to prescribe to his pursuits. Elevated by a consciousness of his native powers, he will probably be averse to listen to the cool dictates of experience; in which case it may be best to allow him scope, and only to guard against his eccentricities.

"It cannot be too much regretted, that the generality of parents are so little attentive to provide their children with those situations, for which, by nature and education, they are best qualified. Instead of this, they are apt to be governed by views of interest or vanity, and to consider, not what is most fit, but what, in a worldly estimation, is likely to be most reputable or advantageous. At other times, perhaps, they will fondly comply with the fanciful inclination of a favourite son, even to the probable prejudice of his temporal interests; and should he discover a degree of literary vivacity, which is often nothing more than the effervescence of a juvenile imagination, he is then in danger of being rated as a genius, and accordingly destined to take his station in the ranks of some learned profession.

"IV. To these or similar causes, the dislocated state of the world must, in no small degree, be attributed. How many men are there, who, without any other force than that of bones and muscles, are engaged in employments which chiefly require the powers of the understanding? How many others who, though meant by nature to obey and not to rule, are invested with offices in which it is necessary to rule and not to obey? How many who occupy places disproportioned to their light or their virtue, and how few from a sense of their incapacity withdraw themselves into humbler situations? Almost every man thinks himself capable of every thing, and only bounds his pretensions by the absolute impossibility of their accomplishment. It is by this preposterous ambition that unqualified men bring so many evils upon society, both in its religious and civil state; for it is impossible for him who is out of his proper place, and who is devoid of those qualities which are necessary to the discharge of the duties which belong to his usurped station, not to be guilty of innumerable faults; and these faults being the consequence of his temerity and presumption, render him usually contemptible in this world, and greatly endanger his future happiness*.

"Should it here be objected, that whatever our place or situation in the world may be, it is allotted us by the Almighty, and therefore that it becomes us to acquiesce in it, and to make the best of it.

"To this objection I so far agree, as to admit, that there is no event in nature or human life without divine providence; only let it be remembered, that this superintending power is exercised according to the several natures and qualities of the objects; and that rational and accountable beings are not disposed of in the manner of those that are irrational or inanimate.

* See Nicole in his *Essais de Morale*, where this topic frequently occurs.

"There are some occupations so evidently criminal in their own nature, that it would be absurd, as well as impious to resolve them into divine designation. Would it not be strange for a smuggler, a receiver of stolen goods, a keeper of a brothel or a gambling-house, to allege providence in his justification? Such a plea must at once be rejected with abhorrence, even though his father had stood in the same place before him, and he himself had been bred up to the profession; which, however it might be urged in mitigation of his offence before he came to years of discretion, can afford him no valid reason for his continuance in it afterwards.

"The rule laid down by the apostle, in speaking of Christians, that *every man should abide in the same calling wherein he was called*, is undoubtedly, like every other rule laid down by divine wisdom, *just* and *good*, and must therefore be restrained to those vocations which are lawful in themselves, and could never be intended to authorise a violation of the laws either of nature or society. It served at the time to prevent many scruples that might have arisen in the minds of heathen converts, as whether a believing husband might continue to live with his unbelieving wife, or a believing slave with an infidel master, which are two cases specified by the apostle; and, from the general doctrine it conveyed, that Christianity granted no release to its disciples from any former duties, natural or civil, it might farther serve to correct the prejudices of heathen magistrates and people, who regarded the Christians as enemies to kings and provinces, and even as hostile to human nature; and it is useful at all times for quieting the minds of good men, amidst those doubts which may arise in almost every situation of human life. And, lastly, it may serve to check that restless spirit, so natural to mankind, whose tendency is only to increase its own torment and to disturb the world, and which, without this rule, might seek to shelter itself under the pretext of christian liberty.

"Yet though both scripture and reason condemn an unquiet and shifting disposition, and give no encouragement to that speculative humour that would lead us to relinquish advantages which are ptesent and real, for others which are remote and perhaps imaginary, they by no means prohibit universally a change of outward condition, which, in many cases, may be expedient, and in some a duty. There are situations, as we have observed, which must be quitted without demur; there are others of whose lawfulness serious doubts may be entertained, and which also must be given up, if such doubts cannot fairly be satisfied; for here another rule laid down by the apostle takes place, *Whatsoever is not of faith*, that is, whatsoever is not done with a persuasion of its rectitude and consistency with the divine will, *is sin*. Nay, though the lawfulness of our present situation should admit of no dispute, a change is still permitted, whenever it is *very probable* that it will increase either our religious advantages, our usefulness, or even our own innocent enjoyment. I say *very probable*,—lest any should suppose that every flattering project or plausible presumption is sufficient to justify a departure from the general rule.

"I am sensible that all our reflections, even the maturest, upon *the choice of life*, must be very imperfect, and of difficult application. Man is a short sighted creature; he knows but little of himself, of the objects around him, or of the consequences of his actions. It therefore highly concerns him, after the best exercise of his own judgment, to refer himself to a superior direction, *to trust in the Lord with all his heart, and not to lean to his own understanding*. Such was the counsel of one, who, to the greatest intellectual endowments, added all the light of experience; and it is a counsel to which every man will listen, who duly consults either his present or his future interest." *p.* 356.

XXXVIII. EPITOME OF GEOGRAPHY, *in Three Parts: arranged after a new manner, and enlivened by references to ancient and modern*

history. By JOHN EVANS, A. M. *2s. 6d. bound. Symonds.*

(Concluded from our last.)

HAVING inserted the Preface in the last number of the *Epitome*, we shall now present a short analysis of the work which will give the reader some idea of the manner of its plan and execution. In the 1st. Part the *Terrestrial Globe* is explained, and thus concludes.

"From this cursory delineation of the TERRESTRIAL GLOBE, it appears how extremely useful such a contrivance proves to the study of geography. Its sizes are various—those in common use being either *nine*, *twelve*, or *eighteen* inches in diameter. They are generally made of pasteboard, and require to be handled with delicacy. The *celestial globe* in like manner represents the heavens, with this remarkable difference, that the eye of the spectator is supposed to be at the centre of this globe, and then, were the globe transparent, the constellations of stars delineated on its surface would appear in their respective positions, as they really are in the heavens around us! Accordingly the globe of Gottorp, in the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, is a large concave or hollow sphere *eleven feet* in diameter, containing a table and a seat for twelve persons! The interior represents the visible face of the heavens, the stars and constellations being distinguished according to their magnitude by gilded nails. Set to the meridian of Petersburg, and turned by mechanism, it shews the rising and setting of the stars, together with their true position. A similar globe may be seen at Pembroke College, in the university of Cambridge. Have never seen it myself, but must confess that the inspection of it would highly gratify my curiosity.

"ANAXIMANDER, a great mathematical genius, who flourished about *six hundred years* previous to the christian æra, is the reputed inventor of globes, maps, dials, &c. Globes, however, both *terrestrial* and *celestial*, have been of late years wonderfully improved. The exercise of human ingenuity in this particular direction is entitled to the thanks of mankind. It not only affords a source of innocent entertainment, but imparts solid instruction. Inhabitants of a planet, the *third* in its revolution round the sun, it becomes us to be apprised of our situation in the universe. Nor is this the only advantage arising from the study in which we are at present employed. We are to make ourselves acquainted with the planet itself, its *general* and *particular* divisions. Thus we emerge from individual insignificancy—we discern ourselves to be a part of the grand whole—we eagerly enquire into the several circumstances attendant on the inhabitants of other regions, and seem to embrace our species with an universal philanthropy.

"When I first turned my attention to the study of geography, my delight was beyond expression. Having surveyed the general divisions of the globe.—I on the ensuing morning (the sun having arisen with its accustomed splendor) ascended a neighbouring hill, and looked around with inexpressible satisfaction! Such may be the sensations of every pupil who takes this little but imperfect treatise into his hands!

"Let every student in geography remember, that the more expanded are our ideas of the world in which we live, and the more observant we are of the changes annually produced on its surface by the revolving seasons, the more fervent and acceptable must be our devotion. Let him therefore occasionally climb some eminence, and recollect the objects by which he is on every side encircled! Flinging the intellectual eye around this TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE (the *particular divisions* of which will be the next subject of consideration) let him exclaim in these animated lines:

Who decks *the maiden spring* with flowr'y pride?
Who calls forth *summer* like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother *autumn's* bed to crown,
And bids *old winter* lay her honours down?
Not the great OTTOMAN, or greater Czar;
Not EUROPE's arbiters of peace and war:

May *sea* and *land*, and *earth* and *heav'n* be join'd,
To bring th' ETERNAL AUTHOR to my mind!

YOUNG.

The 2nd. Part contains the larger and smaller divisions of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, with anecdotes from history—as a specimen of the work take the following account of the United States.

"The *United States* include, at present, fifteen states; the greatest number of which lie on or near the sea-coast. Their names are as follow, reckoning from north to south; NewHampshire, Massachusets, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont--which five are usually denominated New England; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, are the middle states—Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky, constitute the Southern States. Vermont and Kentucky have been lately added.

These states were formerly colonies belonging to Great Britain, having been chiefly settled by persons in the reign of the Stuarts, driven thither through the fury of religious persecution. A violent contest subsisted between them and the mother country, from 1775 to 1783, commonly called the *American War*, when their beloved *Independence* was at length acknowledged by us; and they assumed their rank among the nations of the earth! A particular detail of this memorable and bloody contest will be found in Ramsay, Gordon and Stedman—narratives which cannot be read without great interest, even by minds endowed with a common share of sensibility. The Americans refused to be *taxed* by a British* parliament, without being represented in that parliament—a privilege which it was thought proper to deny them; hence the origin of the quarrel, which terminated in the separation of the colonies from the mother country. Since the conclusion of the war, *Washington*, the leader of their armies—*Adams*, the *defender of the government of the United States*—and *Jefferson*, the writer of the *Notes on Virginia*, have been their successive PRESIDENTS—all men of ability and integrity. The term of Presidentship lasts only four years; and it is to be regretted, that political prejudices amongst them are suffered to be enflamed by the rancorous spirit of party.

"The length of these states, from New Hampshire to Georgia, is about 1,200 miles, and the breadth admits of great variety. The chief towns are the following: and a particular mention of them must be gratifying, since so many of our countrymen have of late emigrated to this part of the New World.

Boston, the capital of Massachusets, a town of some extent, and great trade, pleasantly situated on a peninsula, with one of the finest wharfs in the world. Here the American revolution began; and near the town was fought the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, 1775, where, though the Americans were forced to give way, and their intrepid leader, Warren, was slain, yet the British lost more men, particularly officers, than in any subsequent battle. Terrible was the carnage of the day! To use the language of a poet, who with a genuine patriotism, deeply lamented that ever the contest should have arisen:

My muse advent'rous takes her arduous flight,
And reaches safe fam'd *Bunker's* tow'ring height;
Thence views with weeping eye and heartfelt pain
The ransack'd village and the purpled plain.
From thence dejected sees the mangled dead,
Who for their country nobly fought and bled;
Thence hears the wounded hero's parting groan,
The mother's wailings and the widow's moan;
From thence beholds *Distress* in solemn mood,
Stalk o'er the slain and tinge her feet with blood.
Around, the ghosts of slaughter'd patriots rise,
And call for vengeance to the dreary skies!

"*New York*, situated in the province of New York, and standing

on the extremity of a peninsula, in a delightful situation. It is by many reckoned the most pleasant city in the United States; the customs and manners of the inhabitants resembling, in a considerable degree, those of England. It was taken by the British at an early period of the American war, and retained by them till the close of the contest. It is said, that in time of peace more commercial business is done here than in any other port of the United States. The scenery around New York has been the subject of high admiration.

"*Philadelphia*, in Pennsylvania, is a large and neat city, built by the celebrated quaker, William Penn—the streets crossing each other at right angles are laid out with wonderful regularity. The public buildings are handsome. It was till lately the capital of the United States, and here Congress met throughout the greatest part of the American war. It was taken by Sir William Howe, in 1777, but in 1778 was evacuated. A public library was founded here by the illustrious FRANKLIN, (who died here in the year 1790) and is under excellent regulations. On one side of the city runs the Delaware, a mile broad, though 150 miles from the sea; and on the other side flows the Schylkill, a river of inferior magnitude. It might be supposed, that a city thus situated would prove healthy; but, in 1795, the yellow fever carried off 4,000 of the inhabitants! For three months it raged with such incredible fury, that it converted this populous spot into a desert. Its origin was much disputed by the physicians, some thinking it arose from the filth in one street of the city, or from the adjacent marshes, whilst others contended for its importation from the West India Islands.

"*Washington* lies on the Potowmack, in the district of Columbia, about 100 miles south of Philadelphia. The spot was chosen, and the plan laid out, by the immortal Washington. The capitol, or President's house, is in the centre, from which run so many streets diagonally, named after the several states of which the union is composed. In some future period it bids fair to be one of the finest cities in the world. It lies almost an equal distance from New Hampshire and Georgia. The *Congress* removed hither from Philadelphia, in November 1800, so that henceforth it is the seat of government; and hither also are the remains of general Washington, (after whom it is named) to be transferred, from his late residence Mount Vernon, and to be deposited in a mausoleum worthy of his memory. The plan of this city may be seen in *Weld's Travels* into the United States, accompanied with a curious dissertation, shewing that it is in every respect fitted from its situation to become the capital of a rising country! A few years, however, will not be sufficient to bring it forward to its destined maturity.

"*York Town*, on York River, in Virginia, is of no great extent, but will always be a memorable spot in the annals of America, because here Lord Cornwallis, and the British army under his command, surrendered on the 19th of October, 1781, to the united forces of America and France, commanded by general Washington. This capture brought that much to be lamented war to a termination. The house in which Lord Cornwallis resided, during the siege, is still standing, perforated through and through with the cannon-balls! The Americans proudly preserve it, as a memorial of an event which established the *independence* of their country.

"*Charlestown*, the most southern town in the United States which we shall notice, is the capital of South Carolina. It stands on a peninsula, formed by the rivers Ashley and Cooper, the banks of which are adorned with beautiful plantations. Here is a considerable trade, and by means of a canal, lately completed, the productions of the interior part of the country are brought into Charlestown with facility. The town was taken in the American war by the British. It was the only attempt made by the Americans to defend a town, and being unsuccessful, was a plan altogether abandoned. The vicinity of Charlestown has been pronounced pleasant beyond description.

"Such are the principal towns, all lying (except Philadelphia and Washington) near the sea coast, in the United States of America. In these states there is no established religion,

but all denominations are freely and fully tolerated. Persons emigrating to this country have for the most part been disappointed. This must be ascribed partly to the extravagance of expectation, and partly to the backward state of society amongst them. They are in many respects behind us in the comforts and elegancies of life. Indeed the eye of the benevolent European must be pained by the sight of *slaves* amongst them! *Slavery* is found chiefly in the middle and southern States; but found where it will, it is an indelible disgrace to any country. 'If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature,' says a sensible writer, 'it is an *American patriot*, signing with one hand resolutions of Independency, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves!' See *Morse's Geography and Gazeteer*, where a full and accurate information may be obtained respecting the United States of America. On a much smaller scale the reader may peruse *Wansey's Excursion to the United States*, a little work, which, while it communicates much information, is distinguished for its ease and simplicity." *p.* 114.

The Third Part gives a very particular description of England, Scotland, and Ireland—the *English* and *Welsh* counties are thus analysed.

Four Counties bordering on Wales.

CHESHIRE.

"L. 30. B. 40. One city, 11 market-towns, 100 parishes, generally flat, but a ridge of high ground crosses it from north to south over Delamere forest; the waste ground to the cultivated not above one eleventh, interspersed with small lakes called meres. Rivers—Dee, venerated by our ancestors, Weever, Mersey. Its two commodities are, salt and cheese, of which cheese 14,000 tons are said to be annually consumed by the city of London; as to salt, it is is to be found in Namptwich, Middlewich, and Northwich. The annual duty is even 200,000l. The county is crossed by many canals, particularly by that of the Duke of Bridgewater. Capital—CHESTER, a singular place, with the streets hollowed out of a rock, and a covered portico for foot passengers, having three annual fairs for Irish linens, and most noted in England. Towns—Stockport, Macclesfield, and Congleton, are each considerable towns. The village of Parkgate, near the mouth of the Dee, is a well known place of passage between this kingdom and Ireland. Great men—*Hollingshed* and *Speed*, both authors of two very curious histories (called *Chronicles*) of England; *Vanburgh*, the dramatic writer; and *Molyneux*, a private gentleman of talents, who usually resided in Ireland.

SHROPSHIRE, OR THE COUNTY OF SALOP.

"L. 50. B. 40. Sixteen market-towns, 170 parishes, and 615 villages, divided into two equal parts by the Severn, navigable in every part of the county. There is a great variety of soil, and much of the cheese, commonly called Cheshire, is made in this county. Colebrook Dale, on the Severn, the largest iron works in England, and there is here a curious bridge made of cast iron. Capital—SHREWSBURY, round which the Severn flows in the form of a horse-shoe; a great mart for Welch flannels, sent to America and Flanders. Towns—Bridgenorth, Oswestry, Ellesmere, and Ludlow, in which castle Milton's incomparable Masque of Comus was first represented. Events—Near Shrewsbury was fought, 1400, a bloody battle between Henry IV. and Percy, surnamed Hotspur, in which the latter was defeated and slain. Great men—*Whichcote*, an eminent divine and friend of Tillotson; *Wycherley*, the well-known writer of Comedies; *Benbow*, an Admiral distinguished in the annals of our navy; and the amiable *Shenstone*, of elegiac memory.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

L. 36. B. 36. One city, 6 market-towns, and 176 parishes. Rivers—Wye, Lug, and Munno. The borders of the Wye abound in romantic scenery. The two products for which this county is famous, are cyder and wool; also wheat and hops, the cyder is particularly celebrated. Capital—HEREFORD, an ancient decayed place, having a Bishop's see, and almost encompassed by the Wye. Towns—Ross, famous for Mr. Kyrle,

Pope's Man of Ross; Leominster and Ledbury, near the Malvern Hills, where there is a fine spring of medicinal water. Great men—*Devereux*, Earl of Essex, the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth; *General Carpenter*, who took the rebels, at Preston, in 1715; and *David Garrick*, the far-famed actor, born at Hereford—His father, who was an officer, being there on a recruiting party.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

L. 24. B. 20. Seven market-towns and 127 parishes, formerly reckoned a Welsh county, now in England, only because in the Oxford circuit, where it was placed in the reign of Charles II. The river Usk divides it into two unequal parts; the eastern more fertile, and the west more mountainous. Capital MONMOUTH, carrying on a considerable trade with Bristol. Towns—Chepstow, where the tide rises to a great height; Abergavenny, near which is a ragged mountain, supposed to be rent at the crucifixion of our Saviour; Usk, which has a fishery for salmon: Caerleon, once the second place in the kingdom: Newport, a pretty seaport; and Ponty-pool, a small place, but in a most rural situation, famous for iron works and the japan manufactory. Tintern Abbey, old and highly picturesque; as also is Ragland Castle, which held out for Charles I. under the Marquis of Worcester, to the very end of the Civil Wars. Great men—*Geoffrey* of Monmouth, famous or rather infamous for his lying History of Britain; and *Henry* V. born at Monmouth, who, having gained the famous battle of Agincourt, 1415, the next year pledged his regalia for 20,000l. in order to pursue his conquests. See that elegant and pleasing work, Cox's *History of Monmouthshire*."

We shall add the concluding paragraph:

"Thus have we run through the constituent parts of *the united kingdom* of Great Britain and Ireland. To adopt the expressive words of the poet, penned with a more immediate view to England:

Hail ALBION! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate; round whose cerulean brows
White winged snow, and cold, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! these thy sons
With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons rose!
See the sun gleams, the living pastures rise
After the nurture of the falling show'r?
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault!
How verd'rous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep
Like flakes illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
BRITANNIA? Happy if thy sons would *know*
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb, of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumerous!

DYER.

But we ought not to close this cursory survey of the TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE without noticing the pleasing *position* of our own country, equally removed from the *excessive cold* of the frigid zones, and from the *burning heat* of the equatorial regions. Nor are we subjected to those dreadful gusts of wind which lay the forests prostrate, and consign both man and beast to destruction! An exemption from these tremendous evils is by no means the least of those mercies, by which the British Isles stand distinguished. A *grateful heart*, however, which ought to be produced by a comparison of our situation with that of other countries, both as to *natural* and *civil* advantages, is an ingredient necessary to our enjoyment." *p.* 208.

A COMPLETE

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